CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

April 1, 1949

Ten Cents

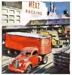
Outport village, Port de Grave, Newfoundland.

it's millions of miles from markets to mouths

1. Look where your groceries grow!

How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm and feed millions of city mouths? You're not! That's why the biggest basket of groceries in the world is hauled, truckload by truckload, from fertile fields to countless communities.

The farmer is the world's biggest user of trucks. You depend on him for food. He depends on reliable low-cost trucking to deliver that food . . so he uses thousands of International Trucks.



2. Look at your meat fleet!

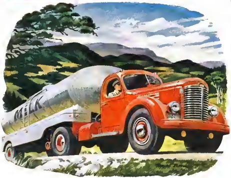
It's headed for the stockyards, for the butchers, for the tables of Canada! That meat has come a long way, and has a long way to go, before you enjoy it. But you will enjoy it . . . because a mighty fleet of haulers is working on that job, for you.

And many, many of those trucks are International Trucks designed, engineered and built for this particular job. Perhaps one brought the meat you're serving tonight!

3. Look how your canning is coming!

Count the cans on your shelves, multiply by 2,525,000 Canadian families, and you have a rough idea of the size of the job the canning industry is doing.

Yes, and when you push your next grocery cart remember that many of the cans you're wheeling were wheeled to you via a gigantic network of trucking systems. Again, a big share of those trucks are Internationals — specialized trucks for specialized jobs.



4. So think how many meals-an-hour trucks like this must travel!

Millions of persons eat good, nourishing food every day only because Canadian industry and commerce provide tools and services to keep the calories coming.

Our part in that picture is— TRUCKS. All kinds. There are 22 basic International Trucks. There are different engines (gasoline, diesel and butane), wheelbases, axles, transmissions and other components for efficient specialization of truck-to-job. Gross weight ratings range from 4,400 to 90,000 lbs.

For trucks to haul food, for trucks to haul *anything*, for trucks that are the "Standard of the Highway," see your International Dealer or District Office.

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OF CANADA LIMITED
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Other International Harvester Products
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INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Wolsey
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For luxury softness wear Wolsey sweaters and underwear

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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EDITORIALS

Welcome, Newfoundland—Don't Mind the Hecklers

IT SEEMS unfortunate that the entry of Newfoundland into Confederation should have been preceded by a wrangle in Parliament about the fine points of the procedure adopted by Canada.

Newfoundland is heartily welcomed by Canadians of all parties and all regions. This moment of union fulfills the dream of Sir John A. Macdonald and the dream of every great Prime Minister since; now all His Majesty's North American subjects are citizens of one nation, which was the grand design of 1867. Hardly a time to cavil over technicalities.

However, since the point has been raised, it may be well to recall what it was about. Section 146 of the British North America Act in 1867 set down a certain procedure for the inclusion of Newfoundland in Confederation. It was to be effective on request of the Parliament of Canada and the Legislature of Newfoundland.

Canada followed that procedure exactly. Newfoundland, because for the last 15 years its legislature has been superseded by a Commission of Government, departed from the letter (though not from the spirit) of Section 146. By decision of the Newfoundland people, expressed by referendum, the Commission of Government asked His Majesty to confirm the Terms of Union and give them the force of law. Because of this deviation, though, it was thought necessary to make the ratification a formal amendment of the BNA Act.

It is difficult to see what threat this carried to provincial interests in Canada. No new precedent was set—the British North America Act has been amended many times without consultation with the provinces, and often in matters of much greater substance. The long debate about legal niceties in Parliament served little purpose except, perhaps, to make Newfoundlanders wonder whether all Canadians really do want them in Confederation.

It would have been more appropriate, on the eve of Newfoundland's entry, to proclaim anew that Canada is a nation and not a loose conglomeration of provincially minded states. Newfoundlanders are coming into a citizenship of which any free man might well be proud, citizenship in a great land that stretches from sea to sea. It's a pity we didn't seize the opportunity to make this clear beyond all doubt. For that is what Canada is and that is the way most Canadians feel.

The Engineers Make Room

TWO MONTHS ago we remarked on this page that Canada should do more to bring trained brains, as well as strong backs, to this country from the DP camps of Europe.

It was suggested, among other things, that "if professional associations like the Engineering Institute were to send interviewers to Europe, they could winnow out a group of highly qualified men whose chances of employment in Canada would be good."

L. Austin Wright, the general secretary of the Engineering Institute, reports in detail what the Institute has done to facilitate the immigration of engineers. The story is most encouraging.

Some 250 Polish refugee engineers came to Canada during the war; the Institute gave them full privileges of membership without charge, and the registration boards gave them licenses to practice on the same basis. In many cases the Institute found them jobs.

Since the war the Institute has replied to all engineers who have sought entry from Europe that although no guarantee could be given of employment in Canada the Institute would be glad to put its employment service at their disposal.

A great many engineers, mostly British, have actually come to Canada during the last four years—"excellent types," says Mr. Wright, "young, well educated and experienced"—and the Institute has placed them in jobs within a matter of days after their arrival.

Mr. Wright adds: "With the large classes of engineers being trained at our own universities, shortly we will have enough engineers for our present population. But if the population is increased perceptibly by immigration then it would be reasonable to bring in a proportionate number of engineers."

Our own idea was that professional associations might co-operate directly with the government in Europe to bring qualified men from the DP camps. But the Institute's help to those able to come to Canada under their own steam has been most valuable—not only for its tangible results, but equally for the enlightened attitude it shows.

OPEN, SESAME!

YOU'RE IN WHEN YOU CALL LONG DISTANCE

A Long Distance telephone call puts you right inside the office of the man you want to reach—just as if you had made a personal visit! Long Distance commands attention from a busy man—spurs action for you—brings you the results you are looking for. Whether it's making friendly contacts or clinching contracts—put Long Distance to work for you in all your business dealings. It's the fastest, friendliest, most economical "communication system" in the world! And you can call anywhere, anytime, through the coast-to-coast circuits of Trans-Canada, the association of Canada's telephone systems.

The three minute night rate for a call from Victoria to Halifax, 2906 miles, is only $4.00 Station to Station.

Canada's 38,000 telephone company employees are united to serve you wherever you are, whenever you call when you use Trans-Canada Long Distance.

They complete more than 450,000 Long Distance messages every year.

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The "Bottle Bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale)

You can't laugh off DANDRUFF!

DANDRUFF, with its telltale flakes and scales, is an all too common ailment which should never be taken lightly.

If you have any evidence of it don't fool around with so-called "overnight" cures devoid of antiseptic power. Get busy with Listerine Antiseptic and massage which treats dandruff as it should be treated . . . with rapid germ-killing action.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

You simply douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and it goes to work killing literally millions of germs, including the "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale).

See Quick Results

You'll be delighted to see how quickly you begin to note improvement. Embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear from scalp, hair and coat collar. Itching is alleviated. Your scalp feels marvelously cool, fresh and healthier. And your hair returns to its natural good-looks. Remember: in clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to [illegible] of the dandruff sufferers.

Don't wait till dandruff gets a head start. Guard against it now. Make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of regular hair-washing routine. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

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AT THE FIRST SIGN OF FLAKES AND SCALES
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *Quick!*

P.S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

MADE IN CANADA

In the Editors' Confidence

LIKE most businesses the one we speak of—with a slight tic of our left eye—as the magazine game has its own built-in occupational hazards. Until last week we thought we had encountered most of these.

We have known the visceral twinge that could be an incipient ulcer snapping like a turtle but is probably a bad scallop we had for lunch. We are acutely aware of the urgent clamor of the telephone when Bert is calling from the new plant to ask when he is going to get some copy and what is he supposed to put in those two columns on page 36. Air?

But the other day an entirely new element was introduced. We were out to lunch when the man who called himself Dr McCarthy called, so he talked to the Tall Girl.

When McCarthy heard we were at lunch he clucked sadly and predicted that this wanton act of gluttony and self-indulgence would be costly. For, it so happened, he, McCarthy, was in a position to repay old kindnesses with a tip on a horse race being run that very afternoon at Fairgrounds, a track near New Orleans.

It seemed a pity to Dr McCarthy that this tip (Merrylad in the sixth race) was to wither on the branch with no one to pluck it. Did the Tall Girl—but no, said Dr McCarthy with a paternal glint in his pale blue eyes, she didn't look like a horse player. The Tall Girl swallowed hard. That was true but she would like to be one. Just this once.

Dr McCarthy was doubtful if it could be arranged. Reluctantly, however, he agreed to place the bet for the Tall Girl. She gave him two dollars, a warm smile and presumably a carefree afternoon at a nearby pub.

She was slightly perturbed when we returned and told her that we knew no Dr McCarthy. We suggested that she go straight home after work and call a cop if any strange men spoke to her. Up to the last she believed in McCarthy and his tip on Merrylad. And we would like to be able to report that her faith paid off at ten to one. But like his sponsor, Merrylad was a bum. And for all we know he is still running—slowly, vainly—into the sunset.

Walking Wounded

Halfway through the preparation of the three-part article on Tom Bata, which begins on page seven of this issue, Frank Hamilton slipped on a piece of ice and broke a small bone in his ankle. Mr Hamilton, who was wounded twice overseas (he was with the Calgary Highlanders), moved quickly for a man with a bad leg. He briskly ordered crutches, giving specifications as to length and tensile strength.

Working with him on the story was R. G. Anglin, one of our editors. About the same time Mr Hamilton broke his ankle Editor Anglin slipped on another piece of ice and broke a small but important bone in his elbow. He now wears a cast that makes an iron maiden look like a sports shirt.

The office these two fragile chroniclers share looks a little like a casualty clearing station but misfortune has had no effect on production. The last time we looked in to see how their bones were knitting they told us about parts two and three which sound more exciting than fiction.

Experts in Motion

When we decided to run a piece which we hoped would help any readers who are buying used cars this year we went to an expert for advice and for a story. Rowland Pepper, who with John Benson has written "So You're Buying a Used Car" on pages 18 and 19, is a former auto mechanic turned editor. He is at the wheel of Canadian Automotive Trade.

Another expert in his field, Ronald A. Keith, went for a ride in a helicopter and tells you about it in his story on pages eight and nine. Mr Keith, himself a pilot, is the editor of Canadian Aviation.

The Editors

MACLEAN'S

FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE found the people of Newfoundland wonderfully kind and hospitable when he went to the village of Port de Grave near Harbor Grace, to paint the cover picture for this issue. A kind woman gave him as a treat a bowl of brewis. "I fear one has to be conditioned to this dish," wrote Mr Arbuckle with the fine restraint of the perfect guest. "The biscuits (the enclosed one in evidence) are soaked overnight, covered with fresh codfish with a sauce over it." The picture was painted on a Sunday, which explains why there are so many boats in the harbor.

OPTICURVE WINDSHIELD!

Wide one piece safety glass windshield gives up to 30% more vision. No blind spots!

FINGER-FLICK GEARSHIFT!

Synchromatic! Fast! Silent! Affords ease of driving under all conditions

so easy on the eyes!
SO easy to drive!

Here's a picture of superb automotive styling—inside and out! An abundantly roomy, handsomely styled interior is matched only by the strikingly styled exterior.

It's a joy to drive, too! Feather light steering swings you through traffic and into parking spots with ease you never dreamed possible. Lively, surging power takes you over highways and byways swiftly, comfortably—and safely!

For amazing economies in upkeep and gas . . . for a world famous car designed for the roads of this continent see and drive the British built HILLMAN MINX today. You'll be glad you did!

TIP-TOE BRAKES!

Latest type Lockheed hydraulic brakes mean smooth positive stops at all times.

THE *New* HILLMAN MINX *Magnificent*
A ROOTES GROUP PRODUCT

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170 Bay St., Toronto, Ontario
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Other features include:

Full width front seat with ample leg room; spacious luggage compartment; independent front wheel suspension; body and chassis in one piece for strength and safety; built-in air conditioning unit.

PARTS AND SERVICE FROM COAST TO COAST IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

SURVEY MADE OF MOTORISTS WHO BOUGHT B.F. GOODRICH TIRES IN THE PAST YEAR

FREEDOM FROM PUNCTURES— ... 37 ... with Seal-o-matic tube ... passed to the road ... did not puncture. I'm certainly glad I switched to B.F. Goodrich.—R. Yout, Ottawa, Ont.

EXTRA BLOWOUT PROTECTION—"Best tires I've ever had," says H. I. Pollock, Toronto, Ont. "[B.F.G.'s] are always dependable with tougher tread and sidewalls for extra blowout protection."

LONGER MILEAGE—"I switched to B.F. Goodrich for extra mileage and have not been disappointed. After long hard driving treads are still good."—Geo. Sinclair, Riverside, N.B.

SMOOTHER RIDING—"My ... rides smoother on B.F. Goodrich tires. They absorb more road shock, maintain correct air pressure and need little attention."—R. K. Ferguson, London, Ont.

DEPENDABLE PERFORMANCE—"I've driven on B.F. Goodrich tires since 1936 and have always enjoyed long wear and trouble-free performance."—Peter W. Woslik, Winnipeg, Man.

3 out of 5
SWITCHED TO
B.F.Goodrich
FROM SOME OTHER BRAND

A NATION-WIDE SURVEY by an independent research organization shows that three out of every five Canadian motorists who bought B.F. Goodrich tires in the past year *switched to B.F. Goodrich from some other brand!*

The reasons? Only B.F. Goodrich can give you *extra* blowout protection . . . plus longer mileage . . . plus smoother riding . . . PLUS FREEDOM FROM PUNCTURES!

RESEARCH KEEPS B.F. GOODRICH FIRST IN RUBBER

B.F. Goodrich maintains a multi-million-dollar rubber research centre. B.F. Goodrich research produced the B.F.G. Seal-o-matic tube that seals punctures instantly . . . permanently . . . *as you ride!* B.F. Goodrich research developed the cooler-running, wear-resisting rubber compounds . . . the tougher cords . . . the improved body and tread design . . . that make B.F. Goodrich Silvertown tires supreme in performance, safety and value.

Get all the advantages of B.F. Goodrich research. Switch to B.F. Goodrich and enjoy trouble-free motoring. *See your B.F. Goodrich dealer today.* Check the listings in the yellow pages of your phone book.

For a super-comfort ride, ask for B.F.G. Extra Cushion Tires

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BATTERIES, AUTOMOTIVE
ACCESSORIES,
RUBBER FOOTWEAR
INDUSTRIAL RUBBER
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MANUFACTURERS, TOO, CHOOSE B.F. GOODRICH

If your new car, truck or tractor is equipped with B.F. Goodrich tires, take advantage of your dealer's free tire inspection service. This will assure you of getting the long, trouble-free mileage built into all B.F. Goodrich tires.

THE FABULOUS SHOEMAKER

Part I

By FRANK HAMILTON

Czech-Canadian Tom Bata fled his homeland to set up a new capital for his world-wide shoe empire in an Ontario town. To 100,000 Batamen, he's a king

IN FRANKFORD, a small Eastern Ontario village of 850 people, lives the man who is shoe king of the world. He is a 34-year-old Czech-born Canadian named Thomas John Bata, and his shoe factories and stores girdle the globe.

The story of Bata's life has the ring of an old-time E. Phillips Oppenheim thriller. Twice he has escaped from his native Czechoslovakia by a hair's breadth. A few hours before the Nazis seized his country in March, 1939, he stumbled across the Salzburg Alps on foot through a blinding blizzard. Six years later, in October, 1945, on a tip from his friend, the late Jan Masaryk, he fled from the Communists who seized his giant factories behind the Iron Curtain. A year later his mother was spirited out of the country by air even as thwarted officials dashed vainly after the moving airplane.

He has stalemated overt and secret moves of the Communist-dominated rulers of Czechoslovakia to gain control of a great string of Bata properties valued at perhaps half a billion dollars. Currently he is fighting a fantastic international legal battle with his stepuncle, Dr. Jan A. Bata, a convicted Nazi collaborator, now in Argentina, for title to the vast estate which sprawls over six continents.

Tom Bata rules his shoe empire from a bright, spacious office in a modern five-story factory at Batawa, Ont. (Other

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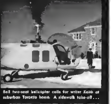
Young Tom Bata, probably Canada's richest man, controls a million-a-day shoe output.



Bell two-seat helicopter calls for writer Keith at suburban Toronto home. A sidewalk take-off . . .

And, five minutes later, Maclean-Hunter downtown offices below. There's a gusty wind up top, but . . .

Roof target looms quickly. The spectators shiver under icy down-blast as the flying egg beater . . .

WHIRLAWAY TO WORK

PHOTOS BY PANDA

By RONALD A. KEITH

WHEN a muffled roar and a beating of wings shattered the morning silence over Toronto's east end I was just gulping my second cup of coffee. Outside, in Glen Stewart Crescent, kids were running through the shallow snow their noses pointing up I guess there was a face at every front window on our block

I was out on the front step struggling into my coat as the two seater Bell 47D helicopter, piloted by Bill Jackson of Toronto dropped neatly past the power wires and trees to the roadway. Bill waved from his plexiglas bubble cockpit to the bug-eyed small fry who stood in the whirling snow lifted by the rotor blades' down-blast.

Bill swung the door open and I stepped into the comfortable passenger seat. At 8 47 a m. he gave the motor the gun and puffed up on the elevation control The swishing, circling rotors—a glinting blur above us—lifted the whirligig off the road, straight up, softly and easily like a bubble from a kid's clay pipe

At 80 m.p.h. we floated serenely over the city, over the long lines of tooting autos, the bottleneck snarls. I wished that I had brought my morning paper along for the flight was perfect up there The noise of the 178 h.p. motor at my back was just a subdued rumble—we talked in a normal conversational tone

In exactly six minutes and 20 seconds, Bill brought the 'copter down on the roof of the five-story Maclean-Hunter office block on University Avenue I was at the office By car it is an eight-mile trip which usually takes me 35 minutes.

Thus a little chunk of history was made After years of ballyhoo about the arrival of the little man's air age, of a helicopter in every garage and a gas pump on every office rooftop, a helicopter *had* landed on the roof of a Canadian office building And throughout that day as Bill Jackson and his Bell 47 flipped me about the city through a busy schedule wondering rubberneckers on streets and farms had their first glimpse of an aviation dream coming true

At 9 30 a.m. Bill whisked me off to the new Maclean-Hunter printing plant at Lansing North Toronto We made that seven mile trip in seven minutes, 30 seconds. It takes me 25 minutes in the car

Sometimes it's necessary for me to slip down to Hamilton Ont., 40 miles southwest of Toronto. Pressed for time I did this trip in the helicopter

Jackson snatched me off the Maclean Hunter roof at one minute past midday I was due in Hamilton at 12.30 We skimmed down the lake shore like a seagull after a fishing fleet, and at 12.29 we were hovering 20 feet above Eaton's store in Hamilton

The wind was strong gusty We had planned to drop down into a parking lot beside the store, but a mass of wires and cables did not allow a clear enough slot. Eaton's roof offered a chance but there were too many flagpoles and other projections in the way

We dropped low enough to shout to a welcoming party that we would put the flying egg beater down in the nearest park. We did that.

We had to fight the wind on the way back to Toronto, but did the hop in 31 minutes—half normal car traveling time. At 2 p m I was back at my Canadian Aviation editorial desk

You Think of Buck Rogers

EVER thought how sweet it would be to be able to slip away late in the afternoon for a ski run or a game of golf? But you usually decide that by the time you've changed wheeled the car through rush hour traffic the light will be gone Start those blades whirling Jackson here I come!

Out on the hills of Orangeville, 40 miles northwest of Toronto there are some thrilling runs when the snow is right. I quit the office at 4 30, hopped into the 'copter, and Jackson set me down on an Orangeville hill at exactly 5 05 When I do that run by car at the week end it takes me an hour and 35 minutes.

I changed, and enjoyed a tingling hour's skiing before the light failed When Jackson got me back to Glen Stewart Crescent, most of the kids in the east end were waiting to watch me drop from the clouds

I didn't make all these hops in the one day because the machine had other appointments, but this schedule is feasible practical and well within the helicopter's endurance If you like to count minutes saved you'll be interested to know that these trips would have taken six hours and 35 minutes by car By 'copter they took only two hours and 32 minutes.

Drops vertically, smoothly to roof. Pioneer Keith waves jaunty hand to rubberneckers. Off again . . .

To new Maclean-Hunter printing plant at Lansing, North Toronto. The seven miles took seven minutes.

Pilot Bill Jackson (2,500 hrs. in ordinary planes) thinks helicopters swell, but not darn-foolproof.

Ron Keith had a busy day ahead, so he left his car in the garage and used a helicopter. He made good time, but only a Rockefeller could do it twice

First helicopter to land on a Canadian rooftop bobs down gently on five story Maclean Hunter office block on University Avenue in Toronto

Flying in a helicopter is a strange experience. Even the seasoning of hundreds of air hours in conventional aircraft does not prepare the passenger for all direction flight.

Our helicopter's wide vision cockpit was designed especially for crop spraying, military observation and other swivel-neck activities. The glistening plexiglas blister trailed by the slender pod of the tail assembly and topped by ungainly rotor blades, looked like a Buck Rogers space ship crossed with a windmill.

Inside were two cushioned seats, a panel of instruments and two sets of controls. Behind us, a vertical metal shaft, the pylon, rose from the engine compartment to support a 35-foot horizontal propeller, the main rotor

That's about all there was to it, except for a small propeller set sideways on the tail of the machine—the tail rotor.

The main rotor is simply a whirling wing which lifts the helicopter straight up, or, when tilted, carries it in any direction In action it swishes around like one of those big ceiling fans. The tail rotor, controlled by rudder pedals, steers the helicopter by varying the sideways force on the tail

The elevation control stick (you use your right hand here) slants forward from the floor beside the pilot's seat. Raising it causes the helicopter to rise lowering it lets the machine settle It has a twist grip throttle like a motorcycle

The pilot's left hand works a control stick rising vertically between his knees. This is the directional control Moving it in any direction tilts the main rotor and causes the helicopter to move horizontally in that direction.

When you're ready to go the gunning motor whirls the fan faster and faster in flat pitch, gathering power for the take-off Then you seem to be plucked off the earth.

Seated in the bubble canopy on the narrow shelf of the cockpit floor you hang suspended in space, looking down at the rooftops. There is very little sensation other than the slight shuddering of the rotor vibration the muffled rumble of the engine at your back and the faint swish of the big fan.

How's Your Bank Account?

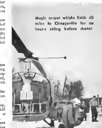
IT DOESN'T take long to discover the unique thrill of helicopter flying. There is a feeling of freedom and exhilaration in the ability to stop dead in mid-air, shift sideways move backward, rise or descend vertically, and settle to earth as gently as thistledown

Some helicopters are fitted with sausagelike nylon floats instead of wheels. With these you can set down on land, deep snow or water

There are at least two reasons however why, despite its fantastic abilities the helicopter still is far from being a family fly-about. One is the difficulty of flying it the other is cost.

Let's suppose you have decided to be the first man in Canada to buy a helicopter for flitting from home to office, to the golf course, and about the country on

Continued on page 70



Magic carpet whisks Keith 40 miles to Orangeville for an hour's skiing before dinner

THE LOVERS

By MONA WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY
AILEEN RICHARDSON

I HAD accepted the fact that Jean Patrick and Fred Monroe belonged together when I was too young to wonder about it. Like cup and saucer. Knife and fork. Ice cream and cake. We were all in our early teens then and no one else had paired off except those two.

It started, as romances did in those days, in Friday night dancing class. They simply began to dance together and after a time, in spite of Miss Atkins' attempt to break it up, they forsook all other dancing partners.

Sometimes they didn't dance at all, but sat side by side on the folding slatted chairs that bordered the room, shamelessly holding hands. At first this embarrassed us and we had to work out our feelings by such crudities as "Get a good grip on her, Freddy, old boy—she might get away from you!" or smirkingly, "Ain't love just grand?"

Jeannie never seemed to mind, but Freddie's dimpled chin would harden and perspiration would come out on his short upper lip. And his grip on Jean would tighten defiantly.

Before long nobody, even Miss Atkins, tried to break it up; it began to seem natural to us. Once we had jeered at them while they danced; now we were a little proud, having a romance right here in our school-day lives. Jean was small and blond and delicate and Fred was nearly a foot taller, with one of those crisp, serious faces—short straight nose and cleft chin—that we used to call the Arrow Collar look. When they danced together, Fred bending over her, her little hand resting high on his shoulder, as we danced in those days, we looked at them, feeling kindly and indulgent. "Who," we danced to, and "Sleepy Time Gal."

Fred certainly wasn't a typical boy, yet he enjoyed doing all the things the other boys did like hunting and fishing. The difference was this; instead of seeking male companionship, he made a companion of Jean. On her sixteenth birthday he gave her a .22 rifle. She showed it to me one day after school.

I regarded it, awed and uncertain. A .22 was something your kid brother got, or hoped to get on his twelfth birthday. I had never known a girl who owned a gun.

"But, Jeannie, what are you going to *do* with it?"

"Learn to shoot. Fred's going to take me over to Paradise Pond and set up some targets. Tin cans, things like that. I've shot off his .32 a few times. He says I've got a good eye."

"But, Jeannie, *why?* Do you really like shooting and fishing—all that boy stuff?"

Sitting curled in a big chair, clasping the rifle tenderly as though it were a baby, she looked so frail and incompetent that it was almost laughable. But she answered soberly.

"I'll *get* to like it, Alcie. Fred thinks the reason why so many marriages fail is that the man and woman have all separate interests. It happened to his parents, you know—they're divorced. Well, it's not going to happen to us—we're going to do everything together."

After a while they forsook all other dancing partners.

THEY talked like that about their marriage from the time they were sixteen, simply, unaffectedly, as though it was inevitable. And so it happened. We all graduated from high school the same year, and while most of us went on to college or left town for new jobs or adventures, Jean and Fred stayed right where they were and got married. They rented a three room apartment on Waterton Street, and every day instead of going to school, Fred went downtown to his father's law office.

He was eighteen, and she a month or so younger, and they were the first settled married pair among our contemporaries. It gave us all a queer feeling, like reading the last page of a book before you were half through it.

I went to university and stayed there four years; then I met a boy and brought him back to the home town just long enough for our wedding before we went west to live. The first time I returned east for a visit with my parents I'd been Mrs. Stephen Sloan for five years. My third child had just been weaned and I had it coming—a vacation, I mean. Steve's mother and a nurse were home coping, and I was free as the air.

The Sunday afternoon before I was to leave for the west, I walked downtown in the rain. I wanted a last look around—I had a hunch it would be a long time before I saw the old town again. Then I saw Jeannie and Fred.

They were sauntering along under a big umbrella and I saw them before they saw me. Jean was clutching Fred's arm and he was matching his long step to hers. The impression I had was that they loved the rain, and if they were wet or uncomfortable they didn't know it.

"Jeannie—Fred!" I called out, "how wonderful to see you!"

They came out of their dream. "Why, Alcie! Fred, you remember—it's Alice Warren."

"Alice Sloan now. I have a husband and three children."

Fred herded me in under the umbrella. "We met your husband once—remember?—We were at the wedding. He here with you now?"

When I explained that I was alone, a fugitive from the domestic life, they were clearly bewildered. I suppose they couldn't understand how a happily married woman could enjoy a holiday away from her husband.

I brushed it off. "Well, we can't just stand here in this rain! Couldn't we find some den of vice and have tea or a drink or something? We've got to catch up."

Jean said softly, as though she were speaking of a little nest, a cozy hide-out of some kind, "We'll take you to our place—it's just around the corner."

IT GAVE me the oddest sensation—that nest of theirs. A faint, half amused distaste added to that curious embarrassment you feel for other people. Towels marked "His" and "Hers" in a strange bathroom make me feel like that. The twosome look to everything. The napkin rings on the breakfast nook table, two ruffled pillows side by side on the love seat. And in the bedroom where I took off my wet jacket, two chests of drawers. On one (hers) was a framed photograph of Fred, and on the other (his) one of Jean. In front of Jeannie's picture was a bud vase holding a single pink peony.

Everything was sweet and clean and orderly, and yet there was a musty, hideaway feeling, as though no fresh air ever blew through those little rooms. It was as though—it is the best way I can express it—Jean and Fred weren't really married, as though they were lovers who must hide from the eyes of the world.

I had a perverse desire to talk about my children.

We jeered at them as they danced

They'd never let their love get plump and prosaic. So they worked hard at keeping it young — too young

I knew I was being tactless, yet I heard myself rattling off names and ages. Then I asked, "How about the old crowd? Have they all been as prolific as I have?"

Fred said, pouring out sherry, "A surprising number are still around. All married now. This town has grown, you know, since the war."

"And all having children," Jean said. "I spent all my evenings last winter knitting bootees for new babies."

She spoke in her usual gentle voice, so I dared to ask delicately, "But you and Fred haven't joined the ranks yet?"

"No. I doubt very much that we ever will."

I was baffled. Her voice held none of the quality with which people speak of physical limitations. But I couldn't imagine people not *wanting* children, especially a couple who loved each other as much as Jean and Fred did.

It was Fred who explained it to me. "You ought to see some of the girls we went to school with. No older than you or Jean! Lost their figures, don't take care of themselves, nothing in their minds but diapers, formulas and babies. Not you, Alcie, you're too intelligent. But you know how Jean gives herself." He smiled gravely. "I tell my girl she's already given herself. To me."

I looked at Jeannie. She didn't look any older than she had in high school. A little prettier, if anything. She was always blond, but in the chill rain light of that faraway Sunday afternoon I remember her hair was like a little pool of sunshine.

"Besides," she said then, leaning toward me and clasping her narrow hands together, "you can't tell me that children don't change a marriage! Sometimes, I suppose it's for the better, when a man and a woman need some joining interest to hold them together, some tangible proof of—well, of their mating—"

She flushed, and her voice grew louder, almost passionate. "But when a couple are purely congenial and have every interest in common, children would be an invasion of their privacy. You must have to spread love awfully thin to cover a big family!"

I laughed. "That's a funny way to look at it. As though love were like butter. It's much more like yeast. If you've got a little culture to start with, you can work up all you need."

"Alcie—please understand—*Continued on page 56*

Reds once shouted down Frank Hall (seated). Now he's after their scalp in the TLC.

LABOR CLEANS HOUSE

By BLAIR FRASER

Maclean's Ottawa Editor

PHOTOS BY BILL HALKETT

Harry Davis heads the CSU, Hall's chief target.

Bengough dogma "Hands off politics" suits Reds

ALL THROUGH the Canadian labor movement the cold war is being fought this year and in both the big labor federations Communists are on the defensive. Union by union, local by local, Canadian labor is cleaning its own house. The Communist stranglehold on key sectors of the Canadian economy is being broken.

The successful fight to cleanse the powerful International Woodworkers' Association on the West Coast is the best illustration of how anti-Communist union men are working.

Up to 1947 District 1 of the Woodworkers seemed to be almost the personal property of one Harold Pritchett, a Communist liner who has long been banned from the United States because of his Red affiliations. He had 27,000 lumber workers organized in a tight, powerful union that looked unassailable.

Revolt began, as successful revolt must begin, from the inside. A popular millworker named Stuart Alsbury got tired of having his affairs run to suit Moscow. He organized the opposition in his local union at New Westminster, B.C., the largest single local in the district, and they threw out the Communist executive.

Pat Conroy, secretary-treasurer of the Canadian Congress of Labor (CCL) in Ottawa, saw a chance to spread the anti-Communist rebellion through the whole West Coast union. He borrowed a tough and able young organizer, Bill Mahoney, from the United Steelworkers, another CCL union. Mahoney was sent to Vancouver with orders to help Alsbury and the New Westminster local defeat the Communist bosses of the lumber union.

Where Did the Money Go?

MAHONEY and Alsbury began nosing around among the finances of the Communist executive. They finally forced the Reds to release an audit of the union books. The audit showed more than $150,000 had been paid out without supporting vouchers.

Officials said the vouchers had been "inadvertently destroyed." But there was enough ripe fragrance hanging over the union's bookkeeping that a full enquiry became inevitable. The Communists didn't want a full enquiry. They suddenly withdrew from the International Woodworkers' Association and founded a union of their own called the Woodworkers' Industrial Union of Canada. All 27,000 members of District 1 were urged to leave the international union and follow their Communist leaders into the newly created organization.

This evasive action failed. Only two or three thousand of the 27,000 lumber workers left the IWA, and the accounts kept by the Communist ex-officials are being examined in court. The new, anti-Communist executive has no hope of getting the money back, but they are not too downcast about it. Getting rid of the Communists was worth a good deal.

It hadn't been easy. Communists are resourceful, skilful and unscrupulous antagonists; they can only be beaten by men who are even more resourceful and skilful. For instance:

When the Pritchett crowd bolted the lumber union, they took the union newspaper with them—staff, printing press and all. Pat Conroy sent Jack Williams, CCL

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Stalin's stooges boss some of our key unions. It's a tough, nasty fight to unseat them. But labor is doing it

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The Man with the Mail from Minsk

Letters in 10 foreign scripts for Toronto's Bohemia don't trip Sammy the Postman. He's Dr. I. Q. to hundreds of new Canadians

By McKENZIE PORTER

WHEN Sammy the Postman took his vacation last fall the superintendent of letter carriers in Toronto main postoffice braced himself against the spate of correspondence which is always excited by this annual event.

The letters come addressed in such direct terms as "Postman's Boss, Toronto." Most are in execrable English or a foreign tongue. All of them ask anxiously what's happened to Sammy?

For 25 years Samuel Hoffman has been delivering mail along Route 103—that colorful and half-forgotten section of Toronto which is bounded on the west by University Avenue, on the east by Elizabeth Street, north by Elm, and south by the sprawling Armories.

He walks a grubby checkerboard of crooked brick houses sinking into the subsoil, horse-trodden back alleys giving onto junk yards, and mean stores burrowed out of the shells of once-stately homes. The inhabitants are Ukrainians, Jews, Poles, Yugoslavs, French, Belgians, Italians and Greeks striking nickel and dime bargains in empty bottles, old perambulator wheels, rusty nails, knobs for brass bedsteads and early sewing machines.

There are also a few Chinese pushed over from Elizabeth Street, Toronto's Chinatown, and a handful of Negroes living in the light of the First Baptist Church at University and Edward.

Complexions of the youngsters scampering through the slime on Edward Street, Elm Street and Centre Avenue show there is little racial prejudice on Route 103, and prove that when two, three or four tributaries from the Negroid, Mongol, Semitic and Caucasian rivers of mankind meet in one little child there often flowers a face of infinite beauty.

Where's La Rue Elm?

SIXTY PER CENT of the mail Sammy humps round his route arrives from continental Europe and Asia, much of it from behind the Iron Curtain. The multicolored, heavily stamped envelopes are addressed by hands unaccustomed to English street styles. They betray the writing of correspondents to whom Latin characters are meaningless and the addresses but a carefully copied series of hieroglyphics.

Sammy speaks Yiddish, Hebrew, Russian and Polish fluently. He can carry on a simple conversation in Flemish, French and Italian. He has a smattering of Yugoslav, Greek and Chinese. It is not study which has made him a linguist. He has the same kind of imitative gift which makes good pianists of some people who can't read a note of music.

A dearth of mail on Route 103 coinciding with the appearance of a strange postman sets thoughts racing:

"*Mama mia!* Once again nothing from *mio fratello Guiseppi* in Trieste!"

"*Oie! Oie!* Can it be that the commissars have arrested my Uncle Ivan in Warsaw just because he writes to me?"

"I am reluctant to assume that my venerable father Lu Ching-sun saw fit to join his ancestors during the battle for Mukden."

When Sammy returns from his vacation he hurries round his beat with any undelivered letters which had been temporarily found indecipherable.

"Look here!" he says pugnaciously, "some of your folks' writing gets worse and worse. Via Dundas! Avenue Centrah! Rue Elm! What the heck! Write and tell 'em to be more careful. Please inform your honorable father that if this humble servant can read a little Chinese my distinguished colleagues can't!"

But for Sammy many letters intended for families on Route 103 would go into the "dead letter" box or be returned "not at number," "no such number," "not known at number," "left," or "deceased."

He is a stocky, swarthy little man who wears gold-rimmed glasses. His once-dark hair is now grizzled at the temples. He has long powerful arms, and talks as if he gargled with gravel. Sammy is no intellectual. He is garrulous. He drives home talking points with the emphatic irascibility of Schnozzle Durante.

Although he looks like a tough guy, Sammy is in fact a sentimentalist. He talks so much and with such emotion that sometimes he almost moves himself to tears.

He Knows His Kopeks

ON HIS rounds he walks with short, quick steps, head butting into the grimy air as if he were pedaling a low-geared bicycle. This gait has been developed by years of pounding cobbled curbs and macadam which in summer are grill-plate hot and in winter icy cold or wet with slush.

Some of the kids call him Twinkletoes.

Most of Sammy's clients live in tight communities among their own kind and have little need of English. Even the business life of the neighborhood seems to run in racial channels.

When the small folks on Route 103 are bewildered about how and where to pay their taxes they ask Sammy. During the war it was Sammy who told mothers of new dusky and yellow babies how they could get extra sugar. But for Sammy many would never have known they were breaking the law by not having a dog license. Last fall Sammy warned all those he knew could not read English to buy in candles against the hydro cuts.

He is the link between Route 103 and Canada. He is also a student of international affairs. Often he explains sympathetically in Russian why mail from Minsk or Omsk takes so long to get here. He knows the values in Canadian currency of a dozen different countries' stamps, and is a staunch champion of international postal finance. An underfranked letter from Poland or Italy finds Sammy knocking at a front door and demanding *dwa kopeka* or *cinque lire*.

He doesn't know exactly where he was born but says it was somewhere near Kiev, in Russia. His parents were Jews who fled from anti-Semitism to the east end of London, England. He estimates he is about 54.

When he was about 10 his grandmother took him to New York. Soon afterward his parents moved to Toronto and settled in the district he now works. After a year with his grandmother he rejoined his parents in Canada. That was on Dec. 7, 1906.

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In 30 years 98,200 miles but no blisters.

Below: It could be a hydro bill or a smudged card from someone far behind the Iron Curtain.

In the groove. Jitterbugging students cut an expert rug at studio get together.

THEY PAY AS THEY SWAY

Toe-trompers and lonely hearts rush in to pay the piper when Arthur Murray's maestros call the tune

PHOTOS BY GILBERT A. MILNE

Gertrude Scott and Ted Marns hold Southern Ontario franchise. It's paying off big.

By IAN MACKENZIE

THE YOUNG fellow in the brown off the rack suit stopped at 435 Yonge Street and looked up at the second floor window signs that said Arthur Murray Studios of Dancing. He glanced shyly at the hurrying pedestrians on Toronto's main stem, then pushed open the street door and slowly climbed the single flight of stairs.

Firmly fixed in his mind was a picture of a tall, tail coated man-about-town he had seen dancing smoothly with a devastating blonde in a Murray ad. His own dancing was so bad that he was scared to leave the stagline at his local dancehall. He figured that maybe with, say, 20 bucks, a few hours' whirling with a teacher he'd get this thing by the throat. And he'd heard that those Murray girls were pretty swell.

The wallpaper in the stairway—black Trojan heads and plumed centurion helmets on a light ground—numbed him slightly and he balked a bit when he made the reception room with its bright green walls and cavorting zebras. He stared at a pair of unblinking ebony heads, while the incessant throbbing of muted African rhythms made his blood race.

Things started to happen fast. Instead of slapping down his cash and getting on with the one-two three-four, he found himself telling an attractive and friendly girl about his job, his home, his friends and his hobbies. Why did he want to learn dancing the girl asked? He couldn't get the talk around to cash.

He never did get the talk around to cash. A few minutes later, a pretty slender smiling girl took charge of him. She piloted him out on to the floor of a mirrored private studio for a trial spin.

He managed to blurt out that he only wanted to learn the foxtrot and waltz, just so he could get around without stumbling. But the girl just smiled at him, easing him along with friendly remarks like these: "You have a natural poise." "Don't tell me you haven't danced before."

Within an hour or so the bemused young man was going down the stairs. In his pocket was a paper signing him up for Arthur Murray's 100 hour self-improvement course at $905, terms.

This smooth miracle happens every day, or evening, in the Arthur Murray studios of Canada. This is no front-parlor or parish hall operation, it's big business streamlined and efficient. In this way dancing ability (and its attendant "social success") is sold, much in the same fashion as the glib tongued and angle-wise vacuum-cleaner salesmen sell their wares.

The Toronto studio with 500 pupils grossed $300,000 last year (its first complete fiscal year). This means that the average student invested $600 in dancing lessons on time payment. In 1949, the studio expects 1,000 pupils and a gross of $600,000.

At Hamilton, Ont., the Murray studio grossed $150,000 in its first year, February, 1948, to February, 1949.

Who gets this amazing money? American Ted Marne and Canadian Gertrude Scott hold a franchise from Arthur Murray for Southern Ontario, and they are co-directors and operators of the Toronto and Hamilton studios. From their total gross of $450,000, they milked out a net profit of just under 25%. This makes them tycoons of terpsichore.

They pay Murray a flat 10% of their gross to use his name, his methods and his advertising organization.

Murray first extended his United States circuit of 200 dancing schools to Canada by opening in Montreal during 1946. Since then he has spread to Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg and Vancouver. Every Canadian studio took more money last year than studios in cities of comparable size south of the border. In the early months of this year the Toronto studio led all North American studios in volume of business.

Until two years ago the dancing business in Canada consisted of about 100 old and genteel academies, a few hundred private teachers operating in their front parlors and a handful of specialists like Toronto's Boris Volkoff who teach ballet as well as ballroom.

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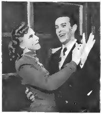
You had the rumba, then the samba — now here's the mambo. It's Yankee swing in Cuban tempo.

THREE DANCING DON'TS:

The yackety yak guys are a ballroom bore. You don't dance with your mouth.



In this corner ... Hey, you don't have to wrestle her. She'll go quietly.

Say honey, give the guy a break. The old porch swing's the place for that.

LONDON LETTER

At 43, Belcher's career ends in twilight

The Temptation of John Belcher

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

SOMETIMES in the affairs of men there are coincidences of such a striking character that one feels as if the gods on Olympus were playing some ironic poker game with human destinies as the chips.

Within the space of a few days we have had the death of Jimmie Thomas, the Cockney engine driver who rose to Cabinet rank, then was found guilty of corruption, and the report of the judges of the Bribery Tribunal which sends another ex-railwayman, John Belcher, into the political limbo.

The last time I saw J. H. Thomas was on a wild November day in 1939. I had only once seen him since the tragic day in 1936 when, arraigned for corruption in company with Sir Alfred Butt, a Tory M.P., he made his resignation speech and walked from the Chamber with tears running down his face. A tribunal had found Thomas guilty of divulging Budget secrets to his friend.

On such occasions Prime Minister Baldwin was at his best. He neither condemned nor criticized the men whose political careers had been so tragically ended, but he spoke of the honor of British public life which no man should injure or conspire against. Then with his country squire kindliness he said: "These men have done wrong, and they have paid the price. But which one of us could put before a tribunal every banking, business and private transaction of recent years as these men did and honestly say that there is nothing that we would not willingly expose to the light?" I almost expected to hear the words, "There but for the grace of God go I."

Thomas, after being a spectacular political figure for two decades, went out into that twilight which can only end with death. When last week he died he was not more than a small one-day news story. One or two diarists recalled anecdotes such as when he said to the Earl of Birkenhead: "I 'ave an 'ell of an 'eadache," and Birkenhead replied, "Why not try an aspirate?" But no one thought it

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Trouble Ahead for Wheat

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

WHILE politicians are bickering over constitutional niceties, and the public is dropping off to sleep, an issue of deadly importance is developing: what's going to happen to Canadian wheat?

Backbone of our export trade, and the livelihood of the Prairies, is the wheat we sell to Great Britain—$280 millions worth this year. We collect that in U. S. dollars, which the British get from Washington under the Marshall Plan. This year the Americans have more wheat of their own than they know what to do with. They expect a surplus of about 500 million bushels, more than they could store in all the granaries in the country, and therefore more than Washington could buy under its price-support policy.

Somewhere, somehow, they have to get rid of that wheat. Otherwise the bottom drops out of the market, the American farmer raises Cain and the American Government has a political conflagration on its hands. In these circumstances it's getting harder and harder for the American Government to hand out American money to the British to pay for Canadian wheat.

A simple, tempting solution of Washington's problem would be to declare wheat a surplus commodity. Then, under the Marshall Plan law, no Marshall dollars could be used to buy wheat anywhere except in the United States. The American surplus would be diminished by 140 million bushels that Britain now buys from us. It wouldn't make any difference to the British either way—they're getting it free. But it would be very serious for Canada.

This cloud has one silver lining: the fact that Washington is keenly aware of Canada's danger and wholly sympathetic. If any way out of the impasse can be found it's sure of a sympathetic hearing from the Americans. So far, though, no solution seems to have been worked out.

• • •

IF MARSHALL dollars are refused for Canadian wheat, Ottawa would have two courses open—both thorny.

First, simply to fall back on our contract with Britain. The British agreed to buy 140 million bushels of Canadian wheat; we could call on them to honor that contract. This sounds easy—Britain has of course some earned American dollars as well as her Marshall Plan allotment. Whether she could use these dollars for Canadian wheat is doubtful. Washington could say that this is just a back-door method of doing what we can't do by the front door. However, it's just possible that a sympathetic Washington might close an eye to this financial juggling.

Failing that, Canada could unfreeze the remaining $235 millions of her loan to Britain—enough to pay for the greater part of the wheat contract. True, we'd be trading on credit again, we'd start losing American dollars again, just as we did before. It couldn't go on for long, but at least it could go on past the general election.

Both these devices take for granted a high degree of co-operation from the British. After all, if they use the Canadian loan to buy wheat, they're using borrowed money—they'll have to pay it back some day. If they buy

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Cartoon by Grassick

Mr. Drew's gesture . . . evoked a reaction of considerable violence

Quick, Watson, The Whip!

By BRUCE WEST

COLOR PHOTO BY RICE AND BELL

YOUNG Billy Potts bent over the keyboard of the family piano in his East Toronto home, glumly practicing. His older brother, George, whispered into his ear:

"Listen, kid. This piano stuff is for sissies. Now, over at the gym this afternoon there's going to be some real fun."

Billy slipped away with his brother George to the gymnasium of All Hallows Church, there to engage for the first time in a sport known as wrestling.

Billy, who had previously visited the church mainly to sing in the choir, thereby started out on a hectic career that changed his name to Whipper Billy Watson and led him into a fantastic world populated by such murderous-sounding characters as Black Butcher Johnson, Hangman Howard Cantonwine, Ivan Rasputin the Russian Lion, John Katan the Palermo Panther and Dynamite Gus Sonnenberg—not to mention the more haughty or humble types such as Baron Ginsberg, Count Zarnoff, Dr. Ed Meeke, Brother Jonathan the Mormon and Housepainter Hogan.

Even during the lengthy periods when he doesn't happen to be in possession of the elusive and questionable championship of the world, Whipper Billy Watson is generally conceded to be one of the top drawing cards in the mad wrestling business and one of the best-known Canadian athletes.

Since the day he left the piano and began to play the weird music which is obtained by rattling an opponent's skull against the floor after the fashion of a gourd in a rumba band, Billy Potts has performed before hundreds of appreciative audiences in Europe, the British Isles, and on this continent from as far north as Timmins, Ont., to the borders of Mexico.

His concerts have usually been brightened by the anguished groans of his beefy opponents as they labored to untie complicated knots in their limbs. And always sounding a pleasing melody in the background has been the musical clink of coins and the soft swish of folding money as vast droves of wrestling fans lined up at the box offices.

Last year at Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens more than 300,000 men and women paid prices ranging from 75c to $2 for the privilege of applauding such heroes as the Whipper and pelting the villain with pop bottles, flashlights, cigar butts, rotten tomatoes, benches of the light and handy variety, shoes, gloves, hats and handbags. Thursday is wrestling night in Toronto, but the promoters believe they could do quite nicely with two shows a week in the city.

In cities and towns throughout North America about 2,000 professional wrestlers are making their dramatic and beefy

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Manager Lawson yuks happily at his boy's cauliflower ear.

In the sweaty melodrama that is wrestling, Whipper Billy Watson (nee Potts) plays shining hero for an estimated $50,000 a year

Fans shriek as hero "whips" Wild Bill Longson's skull on to mat.

Indoors

You press the button...

A boy and his father get very close when they "make things" together. It's a man-to-man operation that delights them both—and Mother is particularly happy to have an opportunity for such a heart-warming picture. She snaps it unconcernedly, as casually as though she were making pictures outdoors.

Indoor snaps are simple, sure ... with Kodak Film and a photo lamp or two. Ask your dealer for "how-to-do-it" suggestions. (See the new Kodak Photo Flasher for flash shots with most any camera.) Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto.

It's made in Canada ... Kodak Film...
the film in the familiar yellow box

"Kodak" is a trade-mark

So You're Buying A Used Car

Let an expert tell you what to look for behind that smoke screen of sales chatter and exhaust fumes

By ROWLAND PEPPER and JOHN BENSON

SOME of the 300,000 Canadians who are due to buy used cars in 1949 will get real bargains. No matter what anyone tells you, it can happen. If you're going to buy a used car this year, it can happen to you. The trouble is that, unless you know at least some of the angles, the chances are it won't.

That doesn't mean used car dealers are nothing but a bunch of crooks, or that private individuals with a car to sell are little better than pirates. The majority of dealers do business in a reputable way. So does the average owner who sells his car direct. There are tricks in every trade, though many of them tolerated by ancient custom. And it's just possible that the trade in used cars, a lineal descendant of horse trading, has a few of its own.

Anyhow, it's a wise precaution to keep your eyes and ears open for them when you go bargain hunting yourself. Assuming that's what you have in mind, let's run through a list of pitfalls which are easy to avoid if you know they're there, and even easier to stumble into if you don't.

To start with, we'll suppose you've been to a dealer's, turned down the cars that looked shabby and beat-up, and bought yourself a gleaming sedan which had been expensive in 1939 when it was new and still looks wonderful. Right there you've made one of the commonest mistakes of all, because it doesn't follow that dingy mudguards and a dull hood cover a clanking wreck. And it doesn't follow that shine and glitter are infallible guides to quality. Quite often it's the other way around—and that's what you're going to find out.

At this point the prospective buyer is likely to be introduced to one of the trade's most touching legends. It has to do with an old couple, the previous owners of the car, who used it sparingly, tenderly as their Crown Derby tea service. In fact, they rarely used the car for anything but making Sunday calls.

They used it only for calls on Sunday

Pistons were worn out at both ends.

The day after you paid your $500 down and fixed up to finance the balance at 15% a year, you and the family pile proudly into your impressive purchase and head for a happy week end. You hear a funny scraping noise when you let the clutch in, but that doesn't worry you much. The dealer told you the car had been reconditioned by his own expert mechanic, didn't he?

Thirty miles later, the funny scraping noise turns out to be something that should have worried you a lot. Plumb in the middle of a steep hill your shining chariot stops dead. The clutch is no longer merely making noises. It has burnt out. It will cost around $30 to put it in shape, and the job will take two days. If you'd recognized the danger signal when you heard it first, a simple adjustment would have fixed the thing in five minutes.

Ten Expensive Miles

You get the car back from the repair shop, figuring you're all set now, and for the next couple of hundred miles you drive. Everything is indeed ginger peachy. And then somewhere a banging and tapping starts. It isn't awfully loud, and you don't see the percentage in phoning for a tow when there's a garage only 10 miles away.

You have now made a second common mistake. Ten miles isn't far, but by the time you reach the garage the damage is well and truly done. That scored crankshaft journal will never be the same again, and that, since the crankshaft is one of the most important parts of the engine, isn't going to be good.

It is, in fact, going to be downright bad. First aid alone, which will show up on the bill as regrinding the shaft and installing new rod inserts, can cost about $175. That isn't necessarily the whole story, either, because pretty often the first aid doesn't last long. You stand a good chance of having to get second aid, and that could easily cost you another $275. As far as that goes, it could cost you more. If you aren't too flush with money, essential and expensive major repairs may well mean selling the car before you've had any real good out of it.

Don't get the idea that this sort of experience is extremely rare, or that it was just dreamed up as a horrible example to make your flesh creep. It happens to too many people too often. It's especially likely to happen these days because, on account of the war and consequent shortages and dislocations, used cars now on the market have an average age of 10 years. In normal times many of them would have gone to the wrecker's yard long ago. In these still abnormal times they're offered for sale instead, not infrequently for as much as 80% of their original price. And not infrequently it would be cheaper to hand the dealer $50 or so and walk away without buying one at all.

If you want to steer clear of grief, the first rule is to take it easy. Don't rush into a buy unless it's a case of snapping up a clear-cut and unmistakable bargain before someone else beats you to it. Even then it's better not to hurry. A few minutes spent on checking up may save whole weeks in the repair shop after you've signed the papers and it's too late.

Mohair Tells the Mileage

Take the matter of appearance. Used cars, which can be as temperamental as any actress who ever sulked in a dressing room, are like actresses in another way too. They're apt to look prettier by artificial light. The floodlights on a dealer's lot can hide things like straightened body tops, out-of-line doors, and little holes where the sheet metal has rusted through. It may not be convenient for you to get away from work during broad daylight, but it's worth the inconvenience. Daylight, and the broader the better, is the best illumination you can have when you look over a prospective purchase.

While you're looking, don't forget to keep an eye open for wear and tear on the upholstery. Sometimes it's a more reliable guide to mileage than the speedometer. Speedometers can be set back a lot more easily than upholstery can be replaced. So look at what's under the slipcovers, with particular attention to the cushion and back of the driver's seat.

Watch it if it makes like a mustang.

Look at the pads on the clutch, accelerator and brake pedals, too. If the rubber is worn through on any or all of them, it's a fairly safe bet the car has been driven at least 70,000 miles, even though the speedometer may only show half that many.

This advice goes double if you're considering buying a former taxi—which, as a general rule, isn't an awfully wise thing to consider. Most of them don't get to the dealer's until they've gone a good 100,000 miles and are pretty close to their last gasp.

Worn cushions and pedal pads are only superficial symptoms, though. They don't always signify real trouble, any more than a rash always signifies that the child has measles. Where sickness in a car really counts is in big things like the engine.

Almost every used car sold nowadays either has what is called an exchange engine, meaning an engine other than the one it had when it was new, or its original engine reconditioned. Since the exchange engine is apt to have been reconditioned too, the precise name isn't strikingly important.

If it's more than a little oil, look out.

Most dealers, when they get around to talking about a reconditioned engine, will tell you the job was done only a few weeks ago. Maybe it was, and then again maybe it wasn't. A simple check is to look at it and see whether the outside is clean or freshly painted or whether it's dirty. If it's dirty you can be reasonably sure the dealer has an elastic notion of the number of days in "a few weeks." Virtually all good mechanics clean an engine up when they've finished putting it in condition.

Dealers have also been known to have an adjustable notion of the word reconditioning itself, so you'd be well advised to make a few tests. Pull out the oil level gauge, or dipstick (that's the thing you use to see whether you need oil or not). If the oil level is low and the oil is black, you can safely assume the engine isn't giving an economical 500 miles to the quart. And if there is rust on the dipstick, either in the oil level markings or above, watch out. It may mean anything from a leaking head gasket to a cracked or porous cylinder block, and that in turn means trouble.

Listen for Danger Signals

If you want to make really sure of engine condition you'll have to do more than look at the dipstick, instructive though that look may well prove to be. Drive the car for at least 10 miles, or for at least half an hour, until the engine is good and hot. Watch the oil gauge. If the pressure is low when you're tooling along at 30 m.p.h. with the engine heated up, it almost certainly means the bearings are loose or worn. If the bearings were not worn, there would be little or no difference between the oil gauge reading at that speed when the engine was cold and the reading now that it's hot.

After you've warmed up the engine for at least 10 minutes, raise the hood and lift the oil breather or filler cap. Get someone to accelerate the engine, and watch to see how much smoke is blown out of the oil hole you've uncovered. The amount is a fine indication of what shape the pistons, piston rings and cylinder walls are in. If it's more than a little, look out.

The next thing to watch for is the smoke that comes from the exhaust pipe at the back of the car. If a lot of blue smoke appears when your helper accelerates the engine is using

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Outdoors

You press the button...

Talking models and motors, launching the finished plane—he's his father's boy, but Mother shares in the afternoon's fun in a very special way. This is her opportunity to add a splendid snapshot to the family record, and the snaps she makes this afternoon, depend on it, will be good snapshots.

She uses Kodak Verichrome Film because it makes good snaps simple, sure. This is the film made especially to get good pictures for young and old, experienced and inexperienced. *You press the button, it does the rest.* Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto.

It's made in Canada ... Kodak Film ..
the film in the familiar yellow box

"Kodak" is a trade-mark

A floor for a Man . . .
and less work for his Wife

A MAN wants a floor that he doesn't have to be afraid to walk on even if he has been doing a bit of gardening, or carpentry, or furnace fixing. He wants peace of mind — and Marboleum gives it to him. If he does leave a few tracks or drop a few ashes, what of it? A swish of the mop and the most house proud wife is happy again.

Then too, Marboleum — being made so largely of cork — is resilient step cushioning . . . and it comes in colours to suit all tastes. The colours go right through to the boards, and an occasional waxing keeps them like new. And, when it's down, it's down for years . . . Nothing to worry about . . . Yes, Marboleum is the floor covering for peace of mind.

Marboleum
Beautiful Resilient
floors

Made by
DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM COMPANY, Limited Montreal

10,000 Men for Dinner

Oceans of coffee, mountains of meat, towering stacks of pie — Crawley and McCracken dish them out daily as the continent's biggest bush-camp caterers

By C. FRED BODSWORTH

THE MINING engineer rounded up an 18-man survey party for a rush trip to a new ore site 50 miles north of Sudbury, Ont. Then he hustled into the Sudbury office of Crawley and McCracken Co. Ltd., caterers to bushland construction crews and mining-camp gangs, and asked if they could serve a meal in the camp that evening. The Crawley and McCracken boss promptly took the job.

The surveyors had to travel 20 miles by train, then 30 miles by canoe. When they got off the train to start loading the canoes, there were no Crawley and McCracken men in sight. So the party bought a couple of camp stoves and some canned goods to feed themselves.

Early that evening the canoeists reached the ore site to find several tents already up and a hot full-course dinner waiting to be served. Crawley and McCracken's gang had got everything prepared in Sudbury, even the spuds peeled, and had flown in.

This was all in a day's work for the big catering firm which doesn't regard this sort of assignment as any special problem. Wherever men work in the north, in gangs of 10 to 10,000, four chances out of five Crawleys are in there serving them three (and often four) whopping meals a day and giving them clean beds to sleep on.

The continent's biggest bush-camp caterer, this sprawling business has $750,000 worth of camp equipment and 1,200 employees scattered across 1,800 miles of Eastern Canada's rocky, muskeg-pitted hinterland. Right now, it's feeding and bedding 9,700 men in 200-odd camps from Churchill to the Atlantic seaboard. If a man wants a dozen eggs for breakfast or a whole apple pie for lunch (many do), Crawleys is pledged and pleased to give it to him.

In its 38 years of bush-camp hash slinging the firm has dished up 200 million man-sized meals which have included 25 million gallons of coffee, six million pounds of butter, 12 million dozen eggs, 15 million double-sized loaves of bread and 19 million pies. This gourmand's kingdom has been freighted into the North by plane, scow, canoe, rail, horseback, wagon, dog team, snowmobile, back pack and tumpline.

Crawley men have fought off enraged bull moose and angry bears (best ammunition: four sticks of dynamite baited with garbage), have stood neck-deep in cinder-hot lakes while fire razed their camps, have tempted black-fly poisoning and wandered lost through the bush.

During the past 30 years the firm has had a role in almost every big construction project east of Winnipeg. Said a leading engineer at a Montreal construction convention the other day: "Sometimes I think it isn't much of an exaggeration to say that were it not for Crawleys today's industrial and mining areas of Northern Ontario and Quebec would still be backwoods."

Crawleys fed and bedded the men who built the famous Quebec bridge in 1915-17 and the New Welland Ship Canal in the '20's. In the bleak depression years it took the biggest job in its history by feeding the 15,000 Trans-Canada Highway workers slugging on the road between Pembroke, Ont., and the Manitoba border.

The firm's skillets and soup vats were at work for International Nickel, Hollinger, Noranda, Shipshaw, Arvida and Chalk River when these developments were nothing more than half a dozen tents and a column of blueprints. In many cases the first sod turned was the Crawley garbage pit.

Today atomic scientists at Chalk River, a top-secret defense force at Churchill and a railroad gang in the titanium-ore country of Quebec are all eating Crawley grub. At the same time, the firm's corporate sister, Murray's Restaurants Ltd., is catering through 16 restaurants to swank and file appetites in Montreal, Ottawa, Sudbury and Toronto. Each firm's operations are independent, but they're controlled financially by a holding company, Murray McCracken Ltd. It's a private firm and the employees own the stock.

A Foundation of Flapjacks

CITY and bush eating habits differ radically as the twin firms have found. In Murray's a single pie serves eight customers; in the Crawley operation it's killed by three men. Crawleys figures each man will consume a pound and a half of meat a day; this would serve the average Murray diner for at least two days, sometimes three. A bush camp breakfast consists of half a grapefruit, one or two big bowls of porridge, three or four eggs smothered in ham or bacon, four to six slices of toast and marmalade, a glass of milk and two or three cups of coffee. The average Murray's breakfast: two slices of toast and marmalade and a cup of coffee.

The secret of keeping men happy in the bush is good food — and plenty of it. A hydro construction engineer told me: "If the food is good, men will work 12 hours a day and sleep in the rain if they have to. If the food is poor, you can't even get them to drive a spike straight."

The secret of Crawley's success was summed up by a contracting boss: "Engineers spend years learning how to build bridges, but they don't know beans about how flapjacks should be cooked."

One contractor who tried to handle his own catering and booking once phoned his head office asking for 200 bed sheets. He got back a nasty letter reminding him

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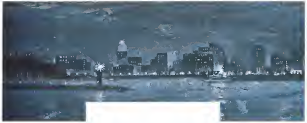
A dozen eggs for breakfast? Sure thing. You gotta eat to work hard.

Chef Mickand (in horn rims) grills chops by the thousand.



A PLACE FOR CHILDREN

By ALEC RACKOWE

HERE where the sands curved white and unending, mile upon mile on either side, there was only quiet and the golden sun.

Before Herbert Marsh the blue green water stretched in soft desertion to the horizon. There was no sail in sight, no ship. Pipers skittered along the surf edge where the yellow sand froth piled in masses and broke off to roll away before the gentle breeze like fairy tumbleweed.

It was beautiful, contenting, yet without Elly there would have been something missing like a painting without a focal point to lend meaning to the composition, to draw everything together and give it life.

She was there to Herbert Marsh's left. A little figure in a yellow garment of some sort. A skimpy covering that left her chubby golden brown legs and torso for the sun to gild like a Florentine figurine.

She was gathering sea shells cast up by the tide. White shells and similar shells and brown spotted ones. Conchlike shells with delicate pink lips and thin black shells with iridescent mother-of-pearl insides.

Elly straightened. She turned and held up something in one small hand to show him. She called but she was too far away for Herbert to hear. He gestured to show her he was aware and he heard her laugh joyously before she bent and continued up the beach in a series of little hops and runs. He saw the way she tossed back her hair, and he was aware of a sadness that gripped at his chest and throat.

There was no reason for it. Everything was so lovely, so truly beautiful. Without Elly it would have been incomplete, for this was a place for children. Without her it would have been flat, savorless, like food without salt. Sunlight and sand and Elly dancing, elfin, making it right and proper.

Herbert Marsh drew a deep breath and blinked at his brown and white shoes as he sat relaxed in the chair. That sadness was still upon him. He could not account for it. His eyes sought Elly's figure again and he knew he had done the right thing so many years ago.

The sun was curving in April fullness toward the horizon. In a little while Ellen would come back from shopping; the big limousine would come across the flame-studded green of the causeway. It would turn, stop a bare five feet from where he sat. The chauffeur would get out and open the door and Ellen would beckon, smiling. They would drive to the white, picture windowed house deep in the green lawns.

Herbert turned his head the least bit and anxiously looked to see that Elly had not strayed too far away. She was still there, choosing and discarding shells.

HE HAD done the right thing, he and Ellen, all those years ago. Things had been pretty tough after the war. He had come back and found a job with Randolph Construction. A good job. A job with a future. And he had found Ellen.

He had met her on a date when he was living at home once again, as if there had been no four years of war for him. He was back in his room in the little house with his father and mother and Jill and Diane, his kid sisters.

Fred Marik, who had played back on the team at High that Herbert had captained, had invited him on the double date. Fred was taking a girl named Eloise Frawley and Eloise had promised to bring a friend.

He and Fred had driven the twenty odd miles in Fred's battered coupe. It was a '34 as Herbert remembered. It had cost Fred as much to buy when he got out of the Navy as a new car would have cost when the car itself was new.

Eloise lived in a white clapboard house on Crescent Road. When Fred honked the horn Eloise came out onto the porch and the other girl came behind her.

Eloise was small and petite, with a freckled nose and red hair and a waist so tiny that Fred proudly proclaimed he could touch thumbs and second fingers about it. But then Fred had big hands. He'd been their best ball passer.

Fred had said "Hi" and Eloise waved and came dancing down the wooden steps and the other girl followed, more sedately. Herbert did not expect too much. No more than that his blind date would be passable.

He saw a tall girl and he liked that. He was tall himself. A good six-one and big besides and he hadn't a big man's usual liking for small women.

This girl whom Eloise was introducing had fair hair and deep grey eyes under soft-etched brows. She walked as if she were proud of her height. She carried her body like a dancer, easily, erect. A square cut neckline showed the golden color of her skin. She looked at Herbert and smiled, then got into the back seat with him. She said "Hello" and Herbert said, "You were taking a big chance."

Her smile deepened as Fred pulled the coupe away from the curb in the soft light of the dying day. "We both were."

They looked at each other, leaning back against the frayed leather cushions. They both said, "I'm glad I did," at exactly the same time.

THE dance was at a roadhouse called Beachman's. There were a few fellows Herbert knew, but not many. He had got out of touch in the years he had been away. He did not think of that as he sat at the table with Fred and Eloise and the tall girl who was his date. Fred and Eloise got up to dance and Herbert drank his Coke and relaxed. He looked at his date and found her grey eyes on him. He hoped she liked what she saw. The jet hair that refused to stay flat, the blue eyes that were the heritage from some Irish ancestor.

Her name was Ellen Craig. She lived, Herbert found, in Clearwater as well, worked there for an insurance company. She'd gone to the High but long after Herbert had left. She was, she told him, going to be twenty. She wouldn't tell him the date, but that made her five years younger than he.

They danced and Ellen was like a feather in his arms and he didn't have to hold her away from him so that he could see her face. He was glad that she lived in Clearwater, for it meant she would still be with him after they had dropped Eloise at her house.

They sat together in the back seat after Fred had come from saying "good night" to Eloise. The night air blew Ellen's hair. They didn't neck but Herbert put his arm about her and Ellen leaned against him as Fred drove homeward, singing with the radio.

Ellen lived east of the postoffice. Fred sat with the radio turned down while Herbert took Ellen to the vine-covered porch. She put her cool, long-fingered hand in his. Her husky voice said sincerely, "I had a lovely time, Bert."

"I'm glad," Herbert told her. He wanted to say more but what he said was, "I'll see you again soon, won't I? We could go to the movies."

"I'd like to," Ellen said. "I'm home before six. We're in the phone book."

Fred had looked around as Herbert got into the car and slammed shut the defective door. "Pretty quick," Fred said, stepping on the starter. "How'd you like her?"

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Their life had been made smooth with success and money. Just one thing was wrong. It did not take into account a little girl named Elly

ILLUSTRATED BY W. BOOK

Citizen of the World Davis: "I'm no martyr or hero!"

BLACK STAR

One young man asked if he should go to war.

Young Man of the World

By DAVID SCHOENBRUN

ONE day last February, Garry Davis, the astonishing 27-year-old self-proclaimed Citizen of the World, found his way blocked by a Paris street barricade erected to catch a car thief. A tough-looking gendarme thrust his head through the window of Davis' auto and gruffly demanded, "Papers, please."

Davis paled. In a continent where official papers are a part of you, he hasn't a single one. He has renounced his own country, the United States, and has refused to accept anything less than official recognition as world citizen. Since no world government exists this is quite impossible.

The policeman frowned menacingly at Davis' failure to produce any cards. Then, suddenly, delighted recognition swept across his face. "Why," he shouted, "it's *le petit homme!* Greetings, citizen, you may proceed!"

Davis' success with the usually hard and cynical Paris gendarmerie is a key to his appeal to the scattered citizens of a hard, cynical and desperately worried world. Since the day less than a year ago when he tore up his U. S. citizenship papers and literally camped on the United Nations doorstep this carrot-topped ex-bomber pilot in a worn flying jacket has captured the fancies of men as diversified as Bill Carter, a New York prize fighter, and Albert Einstein, the scientist. Carter has lettered "One World" on the back of the robe he wears in the ring. Einstein has wired Davis urging him to keep right on exemplifying the Little Man.

Twenty-five thousand letters have poured in to Davis' tiny monastic room in the seedy Montparnasse hotel where he makes his headquarters, applauding him for his stand or asking further questions about his opinions. Sixty thousand persons have applied for registration as world citizens on the Davis pattern. Many letters are addressed simply "Garry Davis, Citizen of the World, Paris."

In just 10 months this son of a society band leader and onetime actor in a Danny Kaye Broadway musical has made himself a universal symbol of the Little Man. His one ambition is to make people world minded. Already, with the blessings of France, he is planning a World People's Constituent Assembly for World Government for the summer of 1950.

Davis won't call it a "movement" but he has 25,000 followers in Germany.

"It's painful to be a policeman," said the gendarme.

Gets Letters From Canada

WHEN Davis first announced that his International Registry of World Citizens was ready to inscribe members, letters poured into his hotel at 1,000 a day, almost swamped the local post office. Now his mail has settled down to a steady 500 a day. They come from Togoland and Tangiers, China, Malaya, the U. S., Canada, Brazil and Libya. They come from Moroccan lead miners and Kentucky coal miners, students at Zurich University and professors at Princeton. Letters slip under the Iron Curtain at about 50 a week and Davis and his helpers are adding an Eastern European section to their five other letter sections: Spanish, English, French, Scandinavian and German. Canadian mail runs about 100 letters a week and is increasing.

Obscure and famous men and women have sprung spontaneously to Garry Davis' side like iron filings to a magnet. He has about 25,000 followers in Germany, although he says he doesn't want followers at all, just world citizens. In that dismembered and disheartened country 500 "Weltburger" clubs have sprung up. One Austrian actress boasts she's been appointed the first World Citizen of Austria by Davis himself on the strength of an early registration letter.

Messages of approval have come from Nobel prize winner Harold Urey, physicist; Leah Manning, British M.P., and Sir John Boyd Orr, British food expert. His permanent Council of Solidarity, a sort of Garry Davis brain trust, is composed of 26 distinguished writers, painters, scientists, journalists and parliamentarians, including the American novelist Richard Wright ("Native Son"), Nobel prize winner Andre Gide, Albert Camus, French writer ("The Plague"), painter Jean Helion and Professor Pierre Girard, director of the Institute of Biology.

The man who started this movement concentrates on the Little Man angle. He has a wavy shock of red-blond hair, a long and pensive face and an almost Chaplinesque little man's defiance of authority. He always wears his leather flight jacket with a faded pin-up girl dancing on the cracked paint on the back. Frenchmen sometimes hail him as "The Don Quixote of Peace." It's significant that the only movie he has seen in long months is an old one, "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," the story of a little man's successful fight against governmental status quo.

Despite his undeniable dramatic sense and his show business background he isn't flashy dramatic. He is slow-speaking, deliberate, often serious. He knows how to use symbols: the simple uniform, the sensational act of renouncing citizenship, the camping out on the UN grounds. Yet these things all seem to have happened to Garry Davis without his appearing to have caused them. He has the extraordinary ability to make it seem as though somebody got him into the whole fix — probably the supreme gift of the greatest type of showman.

Yet he quietly tipped off newsmen and newsreel cameramen, including United Nations spotlight operators, that he would invade the gallery of the Chaillot Theatre during the General Assembly and attempt to make a speech from the balcony. When he got up to make his bid he signaled with his hand and the spotlights focused on him while the cameras ground.

Seven years ago Davis was just another chorus boy in the Broadway show "Let's Face It." His father, Meyer Davis, is still society's favorite band leader and veteran of many a White House reception. Garry drifted about

(Continued on page 52)

Ever since Garry Davis camped at UN's door with a sleeping bag and an ideal he has been a knight or a nut to thousands

Davis, an ex-hoofer, understands the value of symbols in showmanship.

Now They Get Medicine from Blood

Starting with the stuff in your veins, science has cooked up a whole new batch of lifesavers. They stop bleeding, check measles and mumps, even form sponges you can leave in after an operation

By GEORGE H. WALTZ JR.

THE blanket swathed man on the ambulance litter was unconscious. He had been badly burned in a factory explosion. The ambulance doctor had given emergency treatment to the burns, but the injured man was sinking so fast there were grave doubts that he would live to reach hospital.

There was no time to lose. The doctor took a vial of colorless liquid from a cabinet in the ambulance. To it he quickly attached a rubber tube fitted with a needle which he inserted in the man's arm. As the liquid flowed from the bottle, the dying man's pulse quickened and his breathing steadied. Not too many minutes later he was in the hospital's emergency ward, still alive and receiving a blood transfusion and thorough burn treatment.

A new medicine—a blood medicine—saved that man's life just as it already has saved the lives of hundreds of thousands suffering from shock or severe burns. The small amount of colorless liquid injected by the ambulance doctor was serum albumin, just one of a series of amazing new medical lifesavers that are now being extracted from human blood. There are six of these new blood medicines—serum albumin, gamma globulin, fibrinogen, thrombin, antihemophilic globulin and concentrated red cells—and together they are saving more lives than penicillin, streptomycin, or any one of the other so-called miracle drugs. They are medicines that are present in your blood all time, and science now has found a way to remove them from the blood in blood banks and put them to work saving lives.

If you are a normal, average size adult in good health you have about 10 pints of blood circulating through some 60,000 miles of arteries, blood vessels, and capillaries in your body. Your blood accounts for about one thirteenth of your body's weight (less than that if you are fat). So important is your blood to your well being that if you should suddenly lose about one third of it death would be only a few hours off—unless that blood were replaced.

Human blood is a mixture. In round figures it consists of 45% solids in the form of red cells, white cells and platelets, and 55% liquid in the form of plasma. Plasma, in turn, consists of about 92% water, 7% proteins and 1% sugar, salt and other minerals. Proteins in the plasma yield five out of the six new blood medicines. So far, only a bare dozen uses have been found for the 60 or more proteins in human blood, but researchers hope to make much more use of them. Some of the worst killers among our diseases may eventually yield to medicines extracted from human blood.

Modern blood chemistry is a relatively new field of investigation. It was not until the early 1930's, for instance, that it was discovered that injections of plasma—the liquid part of blood—could be used instead of whole blood in the emergency treatment of hemorrhages, shock and bad burns. Up until that time, transfusions had to be given direct from a blood donor, which meant that the right donor had to be readily available.

Why is a transfusion necessary in the treatment of hemorrhages, burns and shock? The answer is the same for each—to replenish the blood supply. In hemorrhages the loss of blood is evident. A deep burn chars the tissues and cells and in doing so allows the fluid portion of the blood to leak out, forming the familiar blisters. This fluid must be replaced. In shock, which generally is the result of the loss of blood volume due to hemorrhages or burns, the supply must also be replaced.

The use of plasma was a revolution in the treatment of shock and hemorrhage. Plasma could be dried and be stored safely as a powder for long periods. As a powder it took up little space, yet could be transformed into a liquid again by simply dissolving it in sterile water. Also, since plasma contains none of the substances which determine the blood group (A, B, AB and O) into which the various kinds of blood fall, it could be administered to anyone regardless of his blood group. Whole blood transfusions, on the other hand, are safe only when the donor has the same type of blood as the patient. Only whole blood that falls into group "O," like plasma, can be given to anyone regardless of blood type.

Hundreds of thousands of ex-servicemen are walking, working and living today because of the miracle of plasma transfusions. During the period from 1942 to the surrender of Japan in 1945, more than two million quarts of liquid plasma extracted from whole blood donated by civilians was injected into Allied soldiers.

It was not until 1940 that researchers began to show increased interest in the basic ingredients that make up human blood and blood plasma. If, they reasoned, plasma, which is 93% water and minerals and 7% proteins, could replace whole blood for transfusions in cases of shock and burns, it must be proteins, certainly not the water, that formed the major portion of the

Continued on page 55

Human blood is now a raw material for medicines. First step (below) is separating out the plasma or liquid portion

For Building Energy—Begin with Bread!

The faster they burn up bodily energy, the faster they'll be back for more slices of delicious, satisfying baker's bread! To-day, more than ever, bread is an economical and staple source of quickly-released food energy. It is supplying one fourth of *all* the food energy Canadians need to think and plan—work and play—build a greater Canada. You can make your food money go further, too, by serving tempting hot recipes that *Begin with Bread*. Try this one, some day this week!

HAM AND EGGS IN BREAD PATTIES

12 slices bread
6 slices boiled ham
Butter
6 eggs
Salt
Pepper

Cut circles in 6 slices of bread with large sized cookie cutter. Trim ham slices to fit bread and place on top of remaining whole slices. Then top with second slice of cut out bread. Butter top slice and break an egg into each circle. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and bake in hot oven, 475°F., about 10 minutes or until white of egg is set. 6 servings.

BAKER'S BREAD IS YOUR BEST BUY!

YOUR BAKER TO-DAY supplies bread that's unequalled for taste, goodness and thrifty wholesome eating. Baker's bread is one of the cheapest sources of food energy, an important source, too, of protein for muscle building and tissue repair.

Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to the advancement of national health.

Quick, Watson, the Whip!

Continued from page 17

bows before cheering customers every night in the week.

Once ruled by nation-wide and even continent-wide syndicates, the wrestling business is now conducted by small separate groups of promoters. Stemming from Toronto, the Ontario field takes in Ottawa, Kingston, Cornwall, Belleville—sometimes fondly referred to by promoters as the biggest little wrestling city on the continent—Oshawa, Peterborough, Hamilton, Niagara Falls, London, Kitchener and Windsor.

Although Toronto's promoter Frank Tunney doesn't lay claim to controlling the Ontario circuit, he does so in effect by controlling Toronto bookings of the big names who are the main drawing cards. In Quebec, the circuit operates in a similar manner from Montreal.

Bookings outside the recognized zones of influence—as, for instance, between Toronto and St. Louis—are handled by the individual promoters who rule the areas. A long-distance telephone conference can settle in a few minutes what mat men are available in what cities on what dates. Promoter Tunney's monthly telephone bills are seldom less than $600 and are often double that.

Grandma at Ringside

An example of the way in which the business has now been cut up into many small pieces was a recent meeting in Chicago at which 140 of the more important promoters discussed the possible good or bad effects of having the misery, anguish and triumph of their boys broadcast to a wider public via television. A few years ago such a question could have been settled in one small New York office.

In wrestling there are seldom such phenomena as a hero meeting a hero or a villain facing a villain. The big thing is for right to strive to triumph over wrong, and the more blood, bouncing and bellowing produced in the process the more satisfied are the fans.

The Whipper has always been a hero. Tall, dark and handsome, he usually attempts to tear his opponents limb from limb in a gentlemanly way. Every time this good clean kid sets out to mangle a hooded horror the whole thing faintly resembles the cavalry coming over the hill in a cowboy and Indian movie.

The crowd roars to ecstasy and the customers in the ringside seats obligingly make room when the Whipper tosses an opponent out into the front rows. This move is made partly to avoid receiving a great lapful of wrestler and partly to assist the people's choice by clearing a hard landing spot for his adversary.

Almost always women are at the front of the riot when things get exciting.

During a recent Toronto match two dear old ladies in sedate black dresses and frilly bonnets minced into Maple Leaf Gardens and began a quavering argument with one of the ushers over the right to occupy two ringside seats on the aisle.

The customer who was holding down one of the disputed chairs gallantly gave up his place, thinking that the two timid old souls wanted to be able to move out quietly if the spectacle became too revolting.

The two grandmotherly types thanked him primly, sat down and waited for the show to begin, their hands crossed in their laps and sad little smiles lurking about their lips.

It was not until the action in the ring got well under way that these two old hellions revealed their true natures and their sinister purpose in seeking the aisle seats.

Each time the villain managed to get the hero tied in a knot from which there appeared to be no escape, these old girls would leap with great agility from their aisle seats and go howling down at full gallop to the edge of the ring where they would stand punching the terrified villain with their umbrellas and hurling horrible epithets at him. These savage charges continued throughout the evening.

The muscular ham actors who provoke these outbursts have a fine sense of timing and more histrionic ability than many members of the Little Theatre movement. They weep, tear their hair, fall down on their knees to pray for mercy from their opponents or for justice from the referee and passionately beat their chests in a manner that is astonishingly realistic when you consider they've sometimes had only a couple of nights of rehearsal.

The extreme expression of rage is achieved by backing up several paces from an opponent and leaping up and down in the air like a problem child in a tantrum.

Who Writes the Script?

Contortions of the face have been developed to such a high degree by the grunt-and-groan men that Garbo or Bergman, in their finest closeups, could scarcely produce a greater variety of dramatic emotions, even though they have a decided edge in the matter of beauty. The "pleading with the referee look" alone in which the hero pounds his forehead in agony to signify that the hold being used upon him by the villain is not only foul but more painful than human flesh can endure is calculated to touch any but the most cynical and hardhearted.

When you come right out and ask how many defeats or victories are written into the script before the play begins you get answers which are more than a little evasive.

Phil Lawson, Whipper Billy Watson's manager and general spokesman for the wrestling trade in Toronto, rubs his chin thoughtfully and contemplates a speck on the ceiling.

"Well," he says, "I'll tell you. Wrestlers are terrific showmen. They know that showmanship pays off at the box office. If he's going to get better crowd reaction by going a little harder or a little lighter on his opponent he does it. At the same time a good wrestler must also be a good athlete. Just where the showmanship ends and the straight competitive wrestling begins is perhaps a fine line, as they say."

Now you know—or do you?

For such "exhibitions of strength and science"—as they're called in the ads—sports authorities frown upon any attempt to label them matches—insiders estimate Whipper Billy Watson will this year earn $50,000.

At 33 and at the top of his rugged profession, he is branching out into other fields which have already made him a budding business tycoon. He manufactures custom-built bars and kitchen units. He is also the proprietor of a thriving soft-drink firm which flaunts the slogan, "Whip that Thirst with a Whipper's Lime."

For Billy Potts the long climb from the basement gym of All Hallows Church to the pinnacle of the wrestling world provided many heartbreaks and disappointments, not to mention an impressive list of broken bones. To date he has acquired a broken nose, a broken collarbone, a broken chest bone, a broken hand, a broken ankle and a broken toe.

In addition, the Whipper has had two operations on his left ear, the sight of his right eye has been reduced to 10% by frequent thumbings, his sacroiliac has been displaced several times, the cartilage in both knees and his left calf have been torn and he has sprained both ankles. His hide also bears numerous scars from general wear and tear.

The list, which reads like the week's

Continued on page 30

JASPER **By Simpkins**

Super-Cushi
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GOODYEAR
THE CHOICE
LEADING
AUTO MAKER

When Goodyear introd
Super-Cushion, leading
makers acclaimed it as the gr
est tire advance in 15 yea
was the tire they had
waiting for—essential to
master-plan for better, s
more luxurious motoring. T
why an overwhelming majori
this year's new cars fea
Super-Cushions by Goodyea

Super-Cushions are
original equipment o

CHEVROLET
CHRYSLER
DE SOTO
DODGE
FORD
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specify Super-Cushions
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And they're available from
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DeSoto, Dodge, Custom
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TIRE

Super-Cushion
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Sells First Article 3 Months After Enrolling

Although only 17, I had the thrill of seeing my first story in print after only three months of N.I.A. training. [illegible] — Eileen [illegible], [illegible], Nova Scotia, Canada

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For a number of years the Newspaper Institute of America has been giving free Writing Aptitude Tests to men and women with literary ambitions.

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Continued from page 28

records of a busy accident ward is considered by even the most cynical to be proof that, fine actors or not, the wrestling boys sometimes stray violently from the script.

Although it was brother George—now manager of Whipper's Beverages—who started Billy on the first faltering steps of his career, it was Phil Lawson who discovered him and piloted him to his present high place in the profession.

Billy first met Lawson at Toronto's Central YMCA when the youngster decided to take his talents from the All Hallows basement to a larger gym. Lawson, then wrestling coach at the Y, put a headlock on Billy Potts that first day and dared him to break out of it. Lawson hung on confidently waiting for the young buck from the East End to holler uncle. But Billy Potts kept right on kicking and squirming long after he should have given up.

Nurse to Sick Cows

"I finally had to let him go because I just got so weary of hanging on to him," Lawson admits. Coach Lawson released the headlock but decided to hang on to Billy Potts as a coming wrestler. The association that began on the mat at the Y has thrived and blossomed throughout the years.

"Phil Lawson," says the Whipper, "has been like a pal and a father to me ever since."

"My boy," says Lawson proudly, "is not only the finest wrestler in the world but besides has plenty of character and downright common sense."

It was Lawson who advised Billy to go to England when his prospects of breaking into the professional wrestling business in Canada didn't seem so good. Billy Potts was then a light heavyweight and the tastes on this side of the ocean were for grapplers of the more beefy type.

It was in the fall of 1936 that Billy and several companions hitchhiked to Montreal carrying battered suitcases tied with ropes. They slept in waterfront flophouses at 25 cents a night until they could find themselves berths on a cattle boat.

To this day the man who makes a fine living tossing hundreds of pounds of meat around in the wrestling ring shudders at the sight of a cow on the hoof.

"It was an awful trip," he recalls. "And they charged us $20 apiece for the privilege of nursing the filthy brutes across the ocean."

The initial residence of Billy Potts and his wrestling pals after their arrival in England was a tent in a farmer's field near Rushton in Northampton.

"The first night in that tent it started to pour with rain," says the Whipper. "The tent leaked all over. The farmer came out in the middle of the night, cleared his chickens out of the hen house and turned the coop over to us.

"I woke up the next morning with two dead chickens lying beside me. I don't know whether I rolled on them during the night or whether they were dead when we arrived."

Very broke, the team put on charity shows for expenses until the London Blackfriars, an ancient and lusty sports organization, arranged their first London bouts.

"They paid us off in half crowns and shillings," says Whipper. "We carted the load of silver back to our rooms and almost bathed ourselves in it. We just lay on the beds and poured the coins over our heads."

From that night on it was a slow but steady rise on the British wrestling scene for Billy Potts. In the first 12 months he spent six laid up with injuries. His shoulder and ribs were broken and he had to have an operation on an ear.

It was in England that he decided to change his name. He had already picked up the "Whipper Billy" from a whip hold he often used on his opponents. The hold, which he still uses frequently, consists of a combination arm pull and body heave in which—if everything goes right—the adversary is tossed over the head to land on the floor with a mighty thump.

Someone with a sensitive ear for rhythm detected certain flaws in the sound of "Whipper Billy Potts." By extracting the Potts and inserting Watson, it was possible to create a handle that rolled smoothly off the tongue and also looked nice on the billboards.

In 1941 Lawson wrote to his protégé advising him to throw his hat in the Canadian ring.

The Whipper sent clippings to promoter Frank Tunney and arrived in Toronto himself a few weeks behind them bringing his pretty English bride. He wasn't eligible for enlistment because a thoughtless adversary had rammed a thumb into his eye with such force during one of his English bouts that his sight was far below the military standard.

Tunney wasn't much impressed, but admits now that he made a grave error in forgetting all about Whipper Billy Watson the moment the young man who is now his greatest drawing card walked out the door.

Superman Recipe

But Phil Lawson was determined to get his boy a break. He decided that the Whipper, at 180 pounds, needed more beef.

He fed him huge quantities of steak and milk and eggs and put him through a course of exercises which might easily have killed a lumberjack. The Whipper took on six and seven sparring partners in succession for 10 and 15 minutes at a time. His 100 yard dashes, if laid end to end, would reach from here to San Francisco.

He went out to the lofty Scarboro Bluffs, on the lake shore east of Toronto, and carried his 160-pound trainer on his back up the towering trail. Lawson is proud of this idea and insists he wasn't just going along for the ride.

"The purpose," he explains, "was to strengthen his legs. He now has the strongest and wiriest legs of any man in the game."

By the time the Whipper was getting near the end of the training grind he was carrying Lawson perched on his shoulder up the 200 foot cliff 14 times in a row.

"If you think it was easy," says Lawson, "just try walking up that trail all by yourself only three times in a row."

At the end of two years of this kind of inhuman treatment, Whipper Billy Watson had increased his weight to its present level of 220 pounds of bone and muscle. His neck measurement—perhaps the most important one of all in the wrestling trade—had expanded from 17½ to 19½.

Lawson is extremely proud of that neck. He once had the Whipper pose for a cameraman while hanging by his neck from a stout piece of rope like the victim of a lynching party.

Lawson constantly needled Tunney about giving his boy a chance. Tunney finally gave in and the Whipper was allowed to match holds and grimaces with Earl McCready.

McCready won that night, but it wasn't long until the name of Whipper Billy Watson rose from the small print at the bottom to the large print at the top of the wrestling programs.

He now averages about 100 bouts a year all over Canada and the United States.

"In St. Louis," boasts Phil Lawson, "he was voted most popular athlete after he'd appeared there only five times."

The Whipper holds the wrestling attendance records in St. Louis, Cleveland, Buffalo and Boston, as well as in his native Toronto.

Suburban Squire

Lawson likes to think that his boy is also helping to promote Canada's fair name in far off places by the use of a special hold called the "Canadian Avalanche." This is a disastrous combination of a body drop, a step-over toe hold and a cart wheel. When this complicated invention is turned loose on an opponent he suddenly finds himself spinning across the ring with the back of his head violently slamming the floor at every revolution.

"He feels," explains Lawson, "as though he's been caught in an avalanche. Hence the name. Oh, how my breast swells with pride when I hear the referee announce in Boston or St. Louis that Whipper Billy Watson has conquered his foe with a Canadian Avalanche."

The Whipper briefly held the world's championship (as recognized by the National Wrestling Association in 38 states, Canada and Mexico) in 1947 when he defeated Lou Thesz in St. Louis. After retaining it for only a few weeks he lost it to Thesz in a return bout.

Whipper Billy Watson of the rough neck wrestling trade and Mr. William Watson, the Toronto suburbanite and businessman, barely know each other.

In a neat little house in East York with a two-car, built-in garage, Mr. Watson the suburbanite mows his lawn at regular intervals and pauses to gossip with a neighbor over the fence or across the street.

Daughter Georgina, seven, and son John, four, run into the house to have their noses wiped at the usual times, and never miss a chance to go riding with daddy in his Ford sedan. Mrs. Watson bustles about the house cooking large meals for her husky husband. She rarely attends a wrestling match.

Mr. Watson neither drinks nor smokes, but is not a crank on such things as diet.

"I eat what I like and when I feel like it," he says. "If I'm in the mood for a thick steak at one o'clock in the morning, I eat it." He does, however, absorb a fairly large number of vitamin E pills, especially before a match.

He is held in high regard by his fellow residents of East York and this feeling is not entirely due to his fame as a wrestler. He is known as a man who can always be counted on to support any worth-while community project, and especially anything connected with boys' work.

He has driven 200 miles on a winter night to appear before a boys' organization, and is currently organizing a "Whipper's Safety Club" for Toronto children.

Several times recently he has been approached by East York taxpayers about entering politics. He is also being considered for a movie role by a Hollywood producer.

When the Whipper will desert the wrestling mat for less rugged pursuits is still a matter of question. At 31, he estimates he has nine years or more in wrestling if he doesn't pick up any disabling injuries. ★

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IN 1794 James Crooks arrived at Niagara from Scotland and engaged in mercantile life. He commanded a Company of Militia in the War of 1812. He served in the Legislative Council for twenty-five years. His son Adam, lawyer and Vice-Chancellor of Toronto University, was appointed Attorney General in 1871. In 1872 he became Provincial Treasurer and was Minister of Education from 1876 until his retirement in 1883. Truly a distinguished Canadian family.

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The Man With the Mail From Minsk

Continued from page 13

The house in which Sammy grew up and the school he attended (McCaul Street) have been demolished for years. At 14 he was a messenger boy for a tailor. Then for three months he was a bellboy at the King Edward Hotel but he left because, he says, "I was getting too fat."

He tried plumbing at $3 a week, steam fitting at $10 and just before the 1914 war he was making wooden boxes for $12 a week.

He enlisted in the Canadian Army Service Corps in 1915. "But," he says, "I quit because I'm a fighting man." He went into the artillery, but didn't get enough hand-to-hand fighting there and transferred to the 38th (Ottawa) Infantry Battalion.

Sammy was wounded by shrapnel in the upper right arm on the Somme. "That's the only thing that's wrong with me," he says. "I feel it when it's raining. With holding all the letters it gives me a sort of writer's cramp."

Sammy has an obsession for physical fitness and loathes fat. He runs to fat himself as soon as he ceases to exercise. In the infantry he actually enjoyed long marches because they kept his weight down. When he was demobbed in 1919 and letter carriers' jobs were offered to veterans he jumped at one as a means to exercise and fresh air.

Since then he has walked 12 miles a day, six days a week, 49 weeks a year. That makes an annual distance of 3,528 miles and a total distance of 88,200 miles or four times around the world. If all the letters which Sammy has delivered were placed end to end ... "I couldn't care less," he says.

There are 849 postmen in Toronto and 656 routes. The excess of personnel over routes are known as "spare men" who stand in for sickness and holidays and help out when mail for one route is unusually heavy. When a postman retires his route is advertised among others. There is no difference in pay but some men want a change of scenery, less walking or a district nearer home.

"The Army Knows Best"

The addresses on a route vary from 230 to 1,100. Postmen have fewer clients on affluent residential beats where time is taken up by long drives, and more clients in neighborhoods full of big apartment blocks.

Business routes get four or five deliveries a day according to their proximity to the Front Street post office. Semibusiness routes get three deliveries a day. Residential routes in the city area receive two.

Postmen are engaged between the ages of 18 and 35. They start at $1,800 a year and get annual raises of $120 to $2,200 maximum. They are provided with a new uniform jacket every two years and a new pair of uniform pants annually. They are also issued with flannel shirts and caps.

Each man is given $24 a year to buy boots of his own choosing. Some like light boots or even shoes but Sammy prefers army boots. He gets his boots repaired every two weeks and buys a new pair every two months. His total boot expenditure is $48 a year.

He is not keen on hand-knitted socks for Christmas. He likes coarse grey army issue socks. "Hand-knitted socks crumple under the heel," says Sammy. "The Army knows best." He has never had a blister.

Sammy's route is classified as a semi-business district so he makes three deliveries a day, starts at 7 a.m. and finishes around 3 p.m. He has about 400 clients in 180 houses or trading premises. He delivers to the Maclean-Hunter offices where this magazine is published, the Liquor Control Board offices, the Armories, the University Club and CKEY broadcasting studio. Heavy mail for these places is delivered by truck.

Once off University Avenue Sammy rarely hears English spoken. His business calls are to dealers in empty bottles, sewing machines, jute and burlap bags, cotton waste for wiping machinery, down, secondhand furniture and scrap metal; manufacturers of lamp shades, Chinese packed food, pulp and paper, and shoulder pads for suits and dresses; four groceries, one drugstore, two Chinese laundries, one Chinese engineering shop, a few Greek and Italian snack bars, two window cleaners, the Ross Hotel, a Russian steam bath and a renter of barrel organs.

Old bearded Poles and Jews poke about among huge piles of rags, cracked furnaces, broken banjos and buggy springs. Aged Italians in braces throw crumbs to sparrows in front gardens six feet by three; gigantic Slav mammas mop doorsteps of shattered shops now serving as apartments; swallers of drinks made of boot polish and lighter fuel stare with red eyes out of fixed, ashen faces; and the odd wise guys go about their mysterious business in gaudy suits and painted shoes.

He's Human Clockwork

There is a great coming and going of dilapidated motor trucks and horse-drawn carts piled high with salvage from garbage cans suggesting a stirring of life at last in some long moribund enterprise.

Although his round is tortuous, Sammy is bound by the rules which govern all postmen. The order in which he delivers is laid down officially and he must not deviate from the routine. This is to ensure people get their mail at the same time every day.

On Centre Avenue, for example, he zigzags up the street from south to north; in most districts this method has proved quickest. But on Dundas Street, where streetcars and other heavy traffic make zigzagging impracticable, he does one side at a time.

If Sammy is convinced an altered course would save time or cut his walking distance he must suggest this to William Fitchett, superintendent of letter carriers. Fitchett then puts a route supervisor on to study the suggestion. Only when the new route is proved more efficient than the old is it adopted.

Sammy must use only front or side doors. Regulations say he must remain in view from the main street while delivering. This is to keep postmen above suspicion in the event of theft. On Route 103 a front door is hard to define. There seem to be doors at every angle in almost every building, including trap doors.

Another regulation is that no postman can live on the route he works (Sammy lives on Borden Street in the mid-Toronto area). This is to prevent them from becoming too familiar and nipping into hospitable homes for a cup of tea and a gossip.

Plodding up Centre Avenue from the Armories, Sammy skirts the pile of fuel logs outside the Russian steam baths. He pushes open the outer of flimsy double doors and knocks at the inner entrance to the sweating interior. Normally he would just slip the letters under the door but today he has newspapers in the Ukrainian language. As

Continued on page 34

The case of the wayward farmer

Can't keep your father down on the farm since they fixed up the County Road.

He was in town twice to-day. Says the trip is so easy now, he just can't resist gadding about. And he doesn't fret about the barn anymore, since he put on the new roof.

When you read between the lines, this farm wife doesn't seem worried about her wayward husband. Far from it. She seems happy that things are going so well.

And that makes us feel a little proud. You see, we like to think that we had a hand in making that happiness. Maybe our roll roofings are keeping the barn dry ... maybe our rock wool insulation is helping to keep temperatures even ... maybe our paving materials are making the County Road passable.

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CALGARY, VANCOUVER, VICTORIA

Continued from page 32

he leaves he looks anxiously at his watch to see how much time the thick paper has cost him.

He doubles up some steps into a murky shop stacked with chalices, urns, demijohns, samovars, carboys, siphons, vases and 100 other rusty dusty containers for liquids brought from obscure corners of the earth by early immigrants.

He slaps the letters on the counter before an ancient Jew, leaves with a brief bright nod, looking at his watch again. "Up to time!" he exults. "Caught up again. Just like clockwork. That's me. Human clockwork."

He strides waving a bundle of letters on the muddy lip of an open lot which is a miniature mountain range of cardboard cartons containing thousands of empty bottles. The boss, I. Schwartz, comes paddling eagerly down a crevasse for mail from Central Europe. He is a tiny man with glasses and a crumpled fedora pulled down over his eyes. Fluctuation of prices in the empty bottle business and the ever present danger of catastrophic breakage have given him a jumpy look.

After taking his mail Schwartz goes back to a group of junk cart drivers who haggle with him in Yiddish over a handful of cents and nickels. Schwartz has known Sammy for 25 years but he can never understand that occasionally Sammy is off duty.

"If he sees me anywhere in the city he comes up asking for his mail," grins Sammy.

Turning the corner into Dundas Street, Sammy fingers the letters in his bag with an abstract air. He put them all in walking rotation before he left headquarters. He is so familiar with his clients' mail he can tell from the stamps, the handwriting, even the feel of some letters who they are for. There is no peering at addresses. Just a quick thumb-and-forefinger shuffle and off he dives into a Chinese laundry.

"I Keep My Trap Shut"

Three wraithlike Orientals bent over an ironing table look up and spread him the sort of smile you see on shells. Sammy gives a nonchalant wave as he drops the mail on a pile of shirts. As he comes out he appears to be weaving slightly. "It's my glasses," he explains. "They always steam up in there."

Crossing Dundas he glances at the headlines on the New York Hebrew newspapers he is taking to the old clothes shop. "Hum," he says, "things are brightening up in Palestine."

A Chinese toddler prances round him smiling up in recognition. "You get off them streetcar lines!" yells Sammy. "Get off 'em yourself!" gurgles the kid.

"Full of sass them Chinese kids," Sammy grunts. "But ain't they cute! I think they're the cutest kids."

At the barrel organist's there are sounds of Ciribiribin coming from the yard but there is no answer at the front door. "Guess he's tuning up," says Sammy. He tries to get the letter from Italy under the door, but it won't go. Unconcernedly, Sammy raises the living room window, throws the letter inside, closes the window and looks sharply at his watch. "Behind again," he says, accelerating down a row of Ukrainian homes.

He throws up his hands in despair when a woman comes out of a house he has passed and calls him back. There is a long grave discussion in Russian during which the pale woman beats the palm of one hand with the fist of another. But Sammy keeps shaking his head.

"She wants certain letters to be delivered to her which are addressed elsewhere," Sammy says cautiously. "But before I do that I'll have to get the instruction straight from her daughter. You get to know a lot of private business in this game, and you have to keep your trap shut."

When he has finished his third round Sammy always has a handful of foreign newspapers and magazines he has been unable to deliver because there was no answer to his knock. He just drops these into the nearest mailbox and goes home. Next morning the sorters have put these back into Sammy's pigeonhole and he tries to deliver them again.

Sammy says he has learned to tell good news from bad news in every peoples' mail just by the handwriting and his knowledge of the family background. But he won't go into any details. "I'm loyal to my folks," he says. "The postman has to have discretion."

He gets a thrill out of carrying good news. "It's always good delivering cheques," he says. "You can generally tell a cheque from the shape of the letter. Sometimes you can see the stamp through the envelope. I once delivered a cheque for $25,000 to one guy. He whooped and threw his arms round my neck. I would like to have known what it was for. But we're not allowed to ask questions."

No Dice to Debt Men

During the war Sammy delivered many letters which had come through the International Red Cross. One or two of them caused women to faint on the doorstep. Others brought whole families to the door weeping joyfully and crying, "Thank you, Sammy, oh thank you!" Remembering that makes Sammy blow his nose heavily.

He deliberately broke his authorized route to make speedy delivery of one letter from a POW camp. He recognized the handwriting of a young Polish Canadian soldier who had been posted missing for three months.

Dogs are the bane of most letter carriers' lives. But Sammy likes them. He knows the ancestry and peculiarities of every mongrel on Route 103. "That big fellow there. He's a booby. His father was a bull terrier but he's got no guts. I've seen that little puggy-looking guy there chase him to Yonge Street and back."

He always carries bits of cake in his pocket to bribe new dogs and keep the old ones sweet. Once he was dancing and feinting round a big savage cur he had never seen before when its owner, a Belgian woman, came out laughing.

"He won't hurt you," she said. "Look, he's wagging his tail."

Sammy replied in precise French without taking his eyes off the snarling dog: "It's the other end I'm thinking about."

Often Sammy is buttonholed on his route by men who enquire casually if he can give them somebody's change of address. But he can tell a debt collector a mile away and, according to regulations, refuses it.

About a dozen people a day stop and ask him for directions. They are generally looking for the University, Parliament Buildings or the Museum.

Like other postmen he hates steps. The postoffice, aware of this phobia, has installed ramps between sorting room floors. Sammy carries a small cartoon showing a postman climbing a fantastic flight of steps to a tiny house. In the window of the house are two women. One is saying to the other: "I've never seen him smile."

Often when Sammy sets out with 70 pounds weight on him he'll chant sardonically with his buddies a phrase of Herodotus which is known to postmen all over the world: "Neither snow nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

At Christmas about 60% of Sammy's clients give him a tip. The average tip is a dollar, though he recalls, "Before the stock market was busted a guy once gave me 25 bucks."

Sammy doesn't tell this himself but at Christmas he's been known to give bags of sweets and little toys to kiddies he knows will be forgotten by Santa Claus.

On Holidays He Walks

Once a fortnight he drops into Luigi Mele's barbershop for a haircut. "It's pretty hard to beat a barber when it comes to talking," says Mele, "but Sammy can outtalk me. He talks about himself all the time and tells me what a good postman he is. As if I didn't know. He gets bees in his bonnet too. The last one was moderation—the virtues of moderation. Never more than two beers a day, only smoking a pipe, never eating, and all that stuff. Keeps telling me I should take more exercise too. As if I didn't know. But he's a very fine fellow. Everybody round here's crazy about him."

N. J. L. Gonsalves, the tall stooped, erudite colored minister of the First Baptist Church, will almost preach you a sermon about Sammy's courtesy. Mrs. Gonsalves was once trying to get on a streetcar when the doors closed in her face. Inside she saw Sammy speaking to the motorman. Then she saw him pushing his way through the crowd to the doors. The doors opened again to Mrs. Gonsalves, and there was Sammy waiting to help her inside with her parcels.

Sammy's wife is a trim, grey haired little matron. They have two pretty stenographer daughters at home and a married son, an upholsterer, in Oshawa.

Sammy goes to the movies once a week, likes westerns and musicals and dislikes tragedies. Since he has to be up at 5 a.m. he is often in bed by 9.

Before going to bed he generally plays around with his stamp collection. At one time he used to do a bit of buying and selling but he says there are too many people in the game now to make it worth while.

On week ends, and during his three weeks' vacation, Sammy takes a streetcar to the city limits, then heads out for a long walk. He figures he's got to keep walking to keep fit. It seems to work out, for he can count on his thumbs the number of times he has needed a doctor.

When he is 65 Sammy will retire on pension. His superiors used to worry about who would replace him on his tricky circuit. They don't worry any more.

Sammy points up to the massive girder skeleton of the new home for the Sick Children's Hospital. "Things are building up fast around here," he says. There is a wistful note in his voice. "By the time I'm through, Route 103 will be made over. A lot of my clients are going to find it tough settling down in other places."

But in other ways it will be a good thing, Sammy brightens. "Think of the kids. It'll be better for them out of here." ★

10,000 Men for Dinner

Continued from page 21

that the job was all steel—no place for lead sheets. Another asked for 150 pounds of veal, got back a wire reading: "You failed to state what size steel required." Meanwhile 50 men had walked off the job because they'd had no meat except bacon for two days. Crawley's takes this sort of problem off the minds of the engineers and contractors. By reorganizing the catering they have often cut the manpower loss from 25% to three or four per cent in a few months.

The old days of beans, sowbelly and CPR strawberries (prunes to you) have vanished. Even at remote Havre St. Pierre far down the ice-choked St. Lawrence, men last winter got fresh grapefruit, oranges and marmalade and fresh eggs for breakfast. Salt pork is still there if you want it, but there's a choice of steak or roast too—and chicken every Sunday.

The polyglot crews who are pushing back the Canadian frontier pose special problems to Crawley cooks. French Canadians as expected like ham, pork, pea soup and pastries. But to keep a Scandinavian happy you've got to feed him fish three or four times a week—and three times the normal amount of sugar. Germans want sausages, wieners and sauerkraut three times a week. Czechs demand dumplings. Russians and Poles want lots of meat. English immigrants want poached eggs on their breakfast toast. Only the D.P.'s pose no problem—they're so hungry they'll eat anything.

But the cooks are happy about this. Louis Michaud, the big jolly Bunyanesque cook at Crawley's Chenaux camp on the Ottawa River, shouts, "I like to cook for men who really eat—two, three thousand! When a man keeps bringing his plate back till he's eaten a dozen eggs—that's the man I like to cook for." Louis has bossed the kitchens of some of Canada's finest hotels, but he always comes back to the 40-gallon soup vats of the bush camp.

His butcher, Armand Bourgeois, like most Crawley men knows meat preferences. "Eastern Quebec, Gaspé, the Maritimes . . . men down there like light meats and organ meats, sausage meat, pigs' liver, heart, blood pudding. You offer 500 men down there menu with steak, sausages and blood pudding—only 50 take the steak. The beach people there have always been poor, they raise their families on the cheapest meats. Forest fire come to Lac St. John and one family live for years on blueberries and rabbits. Yes, sir. Offer them roast beef and they don't want it; always too poor to eat meats like that."

But according to Louis the work a man does has a greater influence on the food he wants.

"Take miners," Louis says. "They work eight hours in the dark in crazy bad air. They're like a man with a hang over—no appetite. They like salads and cakes and fruit desserts, juices instead of soup. But give a salad plate to a man who works all day outdoors, maybe laying track, maybe shoveling cement, and what happens? He throws it in my face. He yells, 'I want steak and potatoes and gravy!'"

Full Board, $1.65 a Day

Louis worked at one railway construction camp where each Polish worker ate more than two pounds of meat a day. But at a bridge building camp—his next assignment—where the work was lighter, the men took less than a pound a day. Another bit of catering know-how: night workers want a bigger meal than the day shift because night air is clearer and colder, puts an edge on the appetite.

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Your most needed—most wanted—gift will be Sterling Flatware from Birks.
For when your gift is Birks Sterling, you are assured of finest craftsmanship, substantial weight and unsurpassed value.

Pictured for your guidance are seven of twenty exclusive patterns—designed and made in Birks own craftshops.

See them now at your nearest Birks store, or write for brochure illustrating all twenty patterns.

Prices shown are for complete six-piece place settings, comprising luncheon knife and fork, teaspoon, salad fork, cream soup spoon, and butter spreader with hollow handle. (Purchase Tax Extra)

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TORONTO, HAMILTON, LONDON,
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CALGARY, VANCOUVER,
VICTORIA

With its bush-catering business Crawley and McCracken grosses close to $4 millions a year. At the typical Chenaux camp where 700 men are pushing a power project to boost Ontario's hydro supply Crawley gets $1.63 a day for each man's bed and board. Each worker has $1.23 a day deducted from his wages and the Ontario Hydro Commission comes through with another 40 cents as a subsidy.

Crawley's lays out $80 per man to equip a camp after it is turned over to them by the building contractors. Things have changed since the old days. Uniformed waitresses are replacing the high-booted cook flunkies and the kitchens glisten with electrically controlled oil ranges, steam-heated vats and serving tables, automatic dishwashers, electric refrigeration and bakery.

At Chenaux I ate in a cafeteria where eight months ago there was only bush and rocky farmland. There were chintz drapes in windows, a kitchen glistening with stainless-steel equipment. I slept in a steam-heated bunkhouse. I bowled, played snooker and listened to the latest juke-box tunes in a recreation hall. I visited several neat little homes with fireplaces, tile kitchens and bathrooms, which have been erected for officials and their families. Chenaux even has its hospital.

In 1952, when the Chenaux power development is completed, bulldozers will level all these buildings and the camp site where now more than 1,000 persons live will become just another Ottawa Valley hayfield.

The firm which has helped work this revolution in bush-camp living was started in 1910 by a couple of U.S. college graduates, Murray H. Crawley and Fred C. McCracken. They handled small contracts until 1914 when they undertook to feed 2,000 CPR workmen in 60 different camps scattered over 1,100 miles of territory.

Their first office was a boxcar on a Sudbury siding and they had equipment and men for only five camps but they rounded up the rest and by 1918 the operation was big enough to be incorporated.

Crawley died in 1921, McCracken in 1940 and Walter L. Harris, the former general superintendent, a roommate of McCracken's at Purdue University, is now president.

Menu: Moose Stew

Some of the firm's early operations were a far cry from the stainless steel refrigerated operations of today. Twenty years ago, for example, when it was feeding 2,000 men on the 140-mile transmission line between the [illegible] and Quebec City, the company had to preserve 750 tons of supplies for eight months in tent camps that had no electric refrigeration. The supplies were brought in over a road laid down on the winter snows; when the snow disappeared the road disappeared with it. Root houses were dug in sand hillsides for 180 tons of potatoes, 90 tons of vegetables and more than 200 tons of flour, sugar and tea. Ten tons of butter and 110 tons of meat were buried under tons of ice and sawdust. Tons of dry foods were cached in treetops in boxes that had to be made bear and wolverine proof.

Crawleys boomed during World War II. It fed 300 internees at St. Helen's Island camp; on one day's notice set up a catering service for several hundred airmen at Montreal's No. 1 wireless school in 26 hours flat. At one time the firm was actually feeding army cooking classes until the embryo cooks learned how to do it themselves.

Biggest job of all was the feeding of 3,400 men at Shipshaw, the second largest power development in the world (largest: Boulder Dam). The firm handled 731 tons of meat, 265 tons of flour, 400 tons of butter and 250,000 dozen eggs. It lost three of its men burned to death in a bunkhouse fire.

By 1942, the firm was handling a million pounds of food a month in 500 camps between Halifax and Winnipeg. That year its cooks boiled and poached a million dozen eggs. It took on the second biggest job of its career on short notice, feeding 2,700 construction workers building a $60 million synthetic rubber plant at Sarnia, Ont. This put such a strain on the firm's wartime-depleted personnel that executives were pulled out of Toronto and Montreal offices and sent to Sarnia to wash dishes. Even then there were only 13 on hand to feed the initial work gang of 1,200.

Crawley executives have frequently had glamour experiences. The company's wiry (140 pounds) fast-moving general superintendent, J. Kenneth Cullen rarely sleeps more than one night in the same bed. Once, on one of his never-ending inspection tours, he climbed into a freight plane and finding no place else to sit squatted gingerly on five or six cases of dynamite. Just before take-off the pilot handed him a small box to hold. Cullen, nervously eyeing the dynamite, let the box slip from his fingers.

The pilot, circling over the lake, glanced back to see the box rolling on the floor. "Grab that box!" he yelled.

"Why get excited about that little thing?" Cullen said. "If this floor gets much hotter from the exhaust pipe this dynamite's going to explode."

"It'll explode all right," the pilot shrieked. "Those are the caps you've got kicking around the floor!"

Another pilot flying a Crawley supervisor in Northern Quebec became lost in a blizzard and landed on the ice of an unknown lake. That night they saw a light ashore and waded through the deep snow toward it. It was the bark hut of an Indian trapper and his family. The squaw warmed up a black kettle of moose stew while the trapper went out in the dark to cut balsam boughs for their mattress. The Indians squeezed closer together on the dirt floor to make room and the supervisor and pilot lay down on the floor and tried to sleep.

"I didn't sleep a wink that night," the supervisor says. "Our bough bed was really quite comfortable and we were squeezed in so tight that everyone was warm—but you should have heard that squaw snore!"

Occasionally Crawley executives still have to fall back on horseback travel. Howard Hanley, manager of several small camps along a 50-mile transmission line right-of-way in eastern Quebec, was visiting each camp once a week by horseback. In midwinter the head office was mystified by one of Hanley's monthly expense accounts which contained an item: "Depreciation on horse, $15." Next month Hanley's account contained the same puzzling entry. The chief accountant asked for an explanation.

The Great Provider

Hanley worked himself and his horse hard. The snow was deep and the country rough. After one arduous trip Hanley's horse died. Afraid that he would be ribbed over the costs for mistreating the horse, Hanley had bought another, paid for it himself, and was trying to get his money back in monthly installments.

"We are granted a depreciation allowance on all other items of equipment," Hanley argued, "so why not on a horse?"

Inventive ingenuity is part of the make-up of Crawley's men on the spot. During the Shipshaw development, for example, it became necessary to fly every ounce of supplies in to Northern Quebec's inaccessible Lac Manouan camp over a 180-mile airlift. The catering bosses hit on a novel idea: why not fly in live cows to produce milk for the camp and calves for winter veal?

The first cow to board the flying boxcar snapped her moorings, kicked over a couple of cases of dynamite and clumped forward into the pilot's cabin. The plane careened out of control, then steadied to make a wobbly emergency landing on a lake.

This didn't faze the firm's Port Alfred boss who promptly called in a veterinary to chloroform the animal. From then on the airlift was dubbed the "chloroform express."

There was one further mishap. One cow came out of her enforced slumber and the nervous pilot quickly landed on a lake and tied her down, tail and all, before completing the trip.

Canadian cattle have since been flown thousands of miles to foreign countries, but the "chloroform express" was the cattle flying pioneer.

The name Crawley and McCracken isn't well known in the prosperous towns and cities of southern Canada, but to the thousands of men who are molding the future wealth and power of Canada across its northern frontier it is a revered symbol for food and comfort in a land where food and comfort comes at a high premium.

Two bush workers recently sightseeing in Toronto paused at a downtown corner to listen to a street evangelist. The preacher was making frequent references to "The Great Provider."

One of the sight-seers tugged impatiently on his pal's sleeve. "Come on, let's keep moving."

"Wait," said the other. "I want to hear this. Don't you know? This guy's talking about Crawley and McCracken." ★

CANADIANECDOTE

John A. and the Jester

CANADA'S first Prime Minister, Sir John A. Macdonald, won many friends by being able to call so many "little" men with his party by name. He seemed to know just what line of work they were in and enquired about their family by name. In each city he was coached on pertinent particulars about people he should know.

During one election campaign Sir John was walking up Bloor Street, Toronto, with a prominent Conservative who had hopes of getting a high government post. This man, call him Davies, was a practical joker.

Davies said to Sir John, "Here comes Bill Munro, one of our ward chairmen, whom you should know. He's in the wholesale liquor business and has a grown-up daughter, Edith, and a school-age son, Tom."

Sir John asked the newcomer about the success of the liquor business and the health of Edith and Tom.

'Munro' said: "Well, I'm glad to meet you, Sir John, even though I am a Liberal. My name is Arthur Wills, and, being a bachelor, I have no Edith or Tom or any children. I'm a tinsmith, but being a lay preacher I can tell you something about the state of the liquor business. It's all bad."

Sir John wriggled smartly. "Sorry, Mr. Wills, but I mistook you for Bill Munro of Ottawa, who's a dead ringer for you."

Wills was also quick to catch on. Turning to Davies he remarked: "I was glad to see you applauding at our Liberal rally last week. It's good to know we've made a convert."

Davies, who had never been near the meeting, spluttered. But Sir John cut him short by saying to Wills, "Our friend seems as confused as I about your identity, but even more confused about party loyalties."

P.S. Davies didn't get that post. —C. B. Corrigall

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past Maclean's will pay $50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

COMMON SENSE
PLUS
Real Creative
IMAGINATION
in Research
and Engineering..

..that's what you'll find in the

You put a square peg in a square hole, and a round peg in a round hole. That's common sense. Add real creative imagination in research and engineering to that kind of common sense . . . you have the combination which sparkled a revolutionary trend in car building 25 years ago at Chrysler Corporation—and has continued as the guiding principle since that time.

When Chrysler Corporation introduced the high compression engine in 1924, that was a combination of common sense and imagination . . . though it was said to be revolutionary. When it was followed with hydraulic four-wheel brakes . . . all-steel bodies . . . Floating Power engine mountings . . . automatic overdrive transmission . . . Fluid Drive . . . and many other great Chrysler Corporation firsts, they were called revolutionary too—but were later widely copied.

Chrysler Corporation engineers had the creative imagination to develop these advances . . . and the common sense to know that they were needed.

In the new cars displayed on the following pages you will find new car developments that called for imagination in engineering and research. And you will find plenty of common sense too. Nothing has been overlooked in providing you with luxurious comfort, plenty of head and leg room, excellent visibility and greater safety in these new models. In addition they have more performance than any other cars Chrysler Corporation ever built—*and they look it.*

New PLYMOUTH
New DODGE AND CUSTOM DODGE
New DE SOTO
New CHRYSLER

Read about them on the following pages
SEE THEM IN YOUR LOCAL DEALERS' SHOWROOMS

NEW Custom DODGE

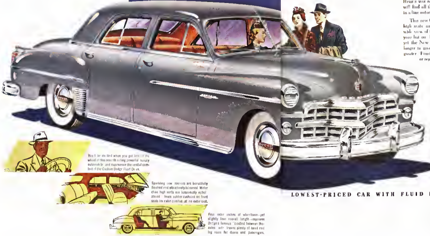
THE FINEST IN 35 YEARS

Here's the new Custom Dodge, newly styled and designed throughout. In it you will find all the comfort, economy, safety and easy riding qualities that you expect in a fine automobile.

This new Custom Dodge—the lowest priced car with Fluid Drive—has chair high seats and higher, wider windshields that let you see over the hood—give a wide view of the road. Its big doors enable you to get in and out with ease—with your hat on. There's plenty of head and leg room front and rear. Seats are wider, yet the New Custom Dodge will fit into your garage. Wheelbases are 4 inches longer to give an even better ride—but the overall length of this new car is no greater. Front and rear fenders are beautifully streamlined—they can be repaired or replaced without major expense.

Dodge engineers planned this new Custom Dodge "from the inside out." They engineered and built it with traditional Dodge thoroughness. It combines size, style and easy riding with great power and amazing performance. It is truly a luxury car—yet it remains "the lowest priced car with Fluid Drive."

When you see and drive this new, more beautiful Custom Dodge, you'll agree that it is indeed "the finest built in 35 years."



You'll be thrilled when you get behind the wheel of this smooth riding powerful luxury automobile and experience the restful comfort of the Custom Dodge Fluid Drive.

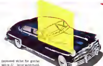
Sparkling new interiors are beautifully finished and attractively trimmed. Wider chair high seats are luxuriously upholstered. Foam rubber cushions on front seats for extra comfort at no extra cost.

Four extra inches of wheelbase—yet slightly less overall length—improves Dodge's famous "cradled between the axles" ride. Leaves plenty of head and leg room for drivers and passengers.

LOWEST-PRICED CAR WITH FLUID DRIVE

The famous Dodge Fluid Drive gives you smooth transfer of engine power to the rear wheels no matter how the accelerator is used ... restful freedom from jolts and jars. Fluid Drive lets you drive in high gear a large percentage of the time. Slow moving traffic ... slippery pavements ... muddy stretches of road ... all can be usually taken in high without touching the clutch or gearshift. Its time tested simplicity assures dependable operation for the life of the car.

The lowest-priced car with famous Chrysler Engineering..



Increased vision for greater safety: 37% larger windshield, 35% larger rear window. More efficient windshield wipers with over 61% greater sweep.

Bountiful reserve power in PLYMOUTH'S 97 horsepower engine. High, 6.7 to 1 compression ratio. Patented PLYMOUTH Floating Power Engine Mountings.

Every PLYMOUTH is equipped with easy riding Super Cushion tires for extra comfort and famous PLYMOUTH Safety Rim Wheels which give you greater protection in case of blowouts.

YOU'LL LIKE THE GREAT NEW PLYMOUTH! . . its sleek lines . . . its low, "hug-the-road" look . . . its modern "bustle back". You'll like the economy of being able to repair or replace a fender, and a minor scrape doesn't mean a major repair.

You'll like PLYMOUTH'S comfort! . . its rich interior . . . its Fashion-Tone Upholstery . . . its comfortable, chair-height seats. Try them! Lounge back and s-t-r-e-t-c-h . . there's plenty of room for legs, head and shoulders. You'll like Plymouth's sturdier bodies . . . they're more dust-proof and they're rust-proofed for a longer, *brighter* life.

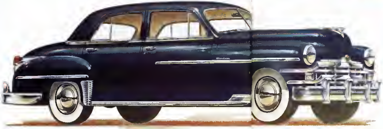
You'll like PLYMOUTH'S ride! Improved insulation and softer rubber body mountings minimize road noises. Its longer 118½" wheelbase allows passengers to be seated even farther ahead of the rear axle for smoother riding. Its soft-acting coil front springs, airplane-type shock absorbers and Super Cushion tires all contribute to a more *relaxing* ride.

You'll like PLYMOUTH'S powerful 97 horsepower engine . . *and its economy!* Your dealer will show you many improvements, such as automatic choking . . easier starting . . smoother warm-up, better fuel delivery, longer spark plug life and better oiling.

Most of all, you and your pocket-book will like PLYMOUTH'S famous Chrysler Engineering that brings you outstanding engineering features, such as 4 rings per piston for better compression and economy . . . oil filter and *floating* oil intake for longer engine life . . . self-cleaning fuel filter *in the gas tank*. When you see these Great New PLYMOUTHS, you'll agree they're engineered for long, trouble-free service and styled to stay beautiful. They're designed throughout to protect your investment and confirm your good judgment in choosing PLYMOUTH.

PLYMOUTH...UNMATCHED FOR VALUE!

The Elegant new Chrysler



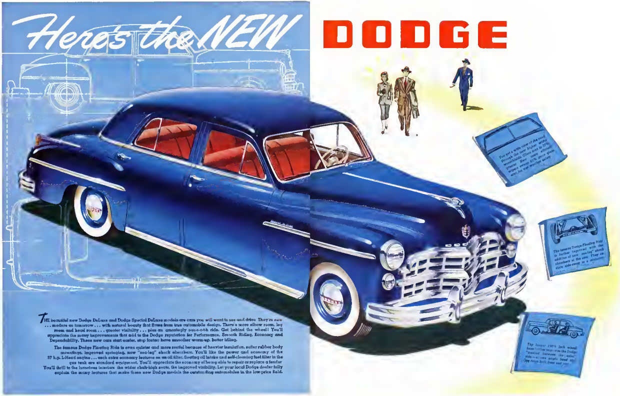
CHRYSLER WINDSOR FOUR DOOR SEDAN

INCLUDING SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

DESIGNED FOR DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE . . .

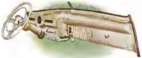
The Elegant New Chrysler brings you the quality features you expect in a fine automobile . . . Brilliant Engineering . . . Restful Comfort . . . Enduring Beauty. Chrome glistens where good taste dictates. Interiors are roomy and luxurious. In the Chrysler Royal, nimble power is smoothly transmitted through the oil of Fluid Drive . . . and gear shifting is minimized. A Chrysler Windsor with "Presto Matic" transmission lets you drive without shifting gears. Inspect these wonderful automobiles that bear the proud name of Chrysler. You'll agree that here is a car that best suits your comfort, driving pleasure and sense of elegant styling. Choose one and your pride of ownership will deepen every time you hear that tribute to your discriminating taste—

"I see you drive a Chrysler!"


Here's the NEW
DODGE
You get a wide view of the road through the new higher wider windshields. Glass area is 37% greater. New more efficient wipers sweep 61% more glass area for wet weather safety
The famous Dodge Floating Ride is further improved with the addition of new "sea-leg" shock absorbers at the rear. They reduce side-sway to a minimum
The longer 118½ inch wheelbase further improves the Dodge "cradled between the axles" ride—allows ample head and leg room both front and rear.

THE beautiful new Dodge DeLuxe and Dodge Special DeLuxe models are cars you will want to see and drive. They're new . . . modern as tomorrow . . . with natural beauty that flows from true automobile design. There's more elbow room, leg room and head room . . . greater visibility . . . plus an amazingly s-m-o-o-t-h ride. Get behind the wheel! You'll appreciate the many improvements that add to the Dodge reputation for Performance, Smooth Riding, Economy and Dependability. These new cars start easier, stop faster; have smoother warm-up, better idling.

The famous Dodge Floating Ride is even quieter and more restful because of heavier insulation, softer rubber body mountings, improved springing, new "sea-leg" shock absorbers. You'll like the power and economy of the 97 h.p. L-Head engine . . . such extra economy features as an oil filter, floating oil intake and self-cleaning fuel filter in the gas tank are standard equipment. You'll appreciate the economy of being able to repair or replace a fender. You'll thrill to the luxurious interiors, the wider chair-high seats, the improved visibility. Let your local Dodge dealer fully explain the many features that make these new Dodge models the outstanding automobiles in the low-price field.



HERE'S a brilliant new DeSoto featuring true *automobile* design — to give you more comfort, more visibility, more safety, more performance — and styled to stay beautiful.

Passengers in this striking new DeSoto will find it bigger, wider, roomier, more comfortable — yet it is slightly shorter from bumper to bumper for easier city driving and parking. The wheelbase is 4 inches longer for greater riding comfort. Seats have been made wider without increasing car width. Wide, high doors let you get in and out with ease.

From the smallest detail of the luxurious new interior . . . to the still better "Tip-Toe" gear shift . . . every improvement has been planned to increase the high standards set by previous DeSoto models.

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The Temptation of John Belcher

Continued from page 14

worth while to portray him as he really was—a significant figure in the rise of the Labor Party to power.

At the time Thomas was condemned 31-year-old John Belcher was wearing the black coat of a railway clerk. His father was a sergeant major in the regular army and the son had inherited his tall military bearing. They were poor but young Belcher had done well at his council school and had managed to take a course at London University where he came under the socialist influence of William Beveridge and Professor Laski.

Belcher's hair was strikingly dark, his face long and rather solemn and his voice as deep as a diapason on the organ. Like Jimmie Thomas he worked for the Great Western Railway and like him he became a trade-union secretary but never approached the importance of Thomas.

In 1945 Belcher stood for Parliament and was elected. At that time I suppose his salary was something like £350 a year, with perhaps another £150 a year from his trade union. It was sufficient for him to live modestly in a North London suburb and to raise a small family. But with high taxation and inflationary prices plus purchase tax it meant that the expenditure of every sixpence had to be watched. His wife, however, was a sensible young woman and budgeted carefully, ever contriving to save a little each week out of the housekeeping money.

If it had not been for his success at the polls the Belcher story would probably have been no different from tens of thousands of ordinary families living in Acacia Road or the like until such time as they had earned a modest gravestone in the local cemetery.

For the first six months of the Parliament that was elected in 1945 we looked upon Belcher as no more than one of the many unknowns who had turned up as Government supporters. I cannot remember whether he made any speeches as a back-bencher, but nevertheless he was a definite personality, something which could not be said of everyone sitting opposite us.

The Government had done one thing for him which must have caused great rejoicing in the Belcher household. It had raised his salary as an M.P. from £600 a year to £1,000. This was not on the grounds of personal merit since it applied to all of us.

They Had a Lodger

In the Conservative Party we received this "rise" with mixed feelings. Few Tories devote their whole lives to politics unless they become ministers, and we had looked upon the previous £600 a year merely as a contribution to secretarial, correspondence, telephone and travel expenses which have to be borne by M.P.s. Unfortunately this increase to £1,000 now made it possible for a man to live on his political salary, which suggested that we might soon begin to breed a type which Britain has never wanted—the professional politician. However, it meant a lot to a man like Belcher who could not possibly carry on his work as a railway clerk and also sit in Parliament.

It was in January, 1946, that he was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade. As Sir Stafford Cripps was then President of the Board of Trade it could only mean that he had taken notice of Belcher and must have been impressed by him. It is true that the appointment was made by Prime Minister Attlee and might have originated with him, but a Minister as powerful as Cripps would not have accepted Belcher as his parliamentary second-in-command if in any way doubting his abilities.

As Parliamentary Secretary Belcher received £1,500 a year and was also allowed to take £500 of the £1,000 due to him as an M.P. On paper it must have looked to the Belchers like treasure from Aladdin's cave, but actually it was nothing of the sort.

His constituency expenses as an M.P. would wipe out the £500. As for his ministerial salary of £1,500 he would be allowed no deduction for expenses of any kind and could merely claim the small allowances which soften the lower portion of a man's earnings. With income tax at nine shillings in the pound it will be seen that the Belchers had advanced socially and politically but not very far financially. In fact, they took in a lodger, a genial Socialist M.P. from the north, to help out the family budget.

In a period of shortages and government controls the Board of Trade holds industry in its grasp. Every day of the week businessmen bring pressure, and legitimately so, on that department. And since the President himself would not be accessible except on rare occasions the task falls heavily on the Parliamentary Secretary. Thus we have business executives with huge salaries and unlimited expense accounts seeking personal contact with a minister whose net salary is little more than that of a clerk. In all countries businessmen prefer to talk things over at lunch or at supper or in the cocktail hour. A junior minister is therefore always the guest because he cannot afford to be the host.

Bottled by Bureaucrats

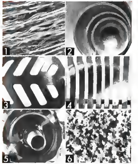
This, I claim, is wrong. Why should the state be such a niggardly employer? Why should a minister always be at a financial disadvantage with those who seek concessions from him?

Belcher was a friendly fellow, a good companion and had a natural taste for expensive wines. It is much easier for a poor man to accustom himself to luxury than for a rich man to learn the grim technique of poverty. It must have been good champagne that Belcher drank or he would have seen through the cordiality and flattery of the unpleasant types who were establishing an influence over him.

At Home on the Range

Photo Quiz by Pickow from Three Lions

RIGHT at your sink and range you can probably find all the items in this photo quiz. Sure they look different in closeup enlargements, but energetic housewives and helpful husbands shouldn't be fooled for long. There are some clues below.



See any of these? potato grater, washrag, egg slicer, cookie cutters, broom, corkscrew, measuring spoons, tester, egg beater, cake form, potato masher, sink sponge, ladle, strainer, grater, bottle brush. Answers on page 52.

Yet even with them there is a certain compensating factor. Some were just cheats and tricksters but what of the others?

Rebecca West put it admirably in a penetrating article on the findings of the tribunal. "But the rest, though here are most able men to differentiate between the businessmen and the spivs, struck one as being in varying degrees frustrated creatures. They all had a certain flush of energy and imagination which counted for their prosperity. They were businessmen because they had liked doing business, making and selling things. They had been praised for their enterprise in the past. Now they found themselves hemmed in on every side.

"One wanted to sell furs which were attracting moths in a warehouse; one wanted to repair an hotel for the tourist traffic; one wanted to keep a factory going which was employing 200 workers in Margate, to his and their profit; one wanted to export whisky for dollars.

"But they had a case. They had wanted to do their job, which the whole world told them was for the good of the country and themselves, and they had to apply for licenses, and had either been refused them or had met with interminable delays."

The Communists are shouting that it is Capitalism which is the villain, because Capitalism in its avid pursuit of profits is essentially dishonest. To a lesser degree the Socialists say the same thing, although they do not try to defend either Belcher or George Gibson, the lifelong trade unionist who has had to resign his directorship of the Bank of England and his $4,000 a year chairmanship of the North West Area Power Board.

That charge cannot be sustained. There never was a period in Britain's history when personal and commercial honor stood so high as during the century of Capitalism from the Battle of Waterloo to the 1914 war. Foreigners in distant parts of the world would do business with each other "on the word of an Englishman." Nor did a director of the Bank of England ever have to resign on the charge of corruption until the bank was nationalized.

A Gold Watch, a New Suit

Even if the Socialists admit Capitalism as honest I will not retaliate by accusing them. I believe that the standard of honesty is very high in the Labor Party, but the fact remains that the Socialized State with its expanding patronage and controls must bring temptation to the cunning and the weak.

The tragedy of this whole affair is bigger than the personalities involved. It is the tragedy of a great and honorable nation.

The immortal, unrivaled Shakespeare might have foreseen the pitiful story of John Belcher when he wrote that the theft of a man's good name does no benefit to the taker but leaves the victim poor indeed.

What did Belcher get in exchange for his good name? A gold watch, a few bottles of wine, free drinks and free food under the guise of hospitality, a new suit, a holiday at a seaside hotel. According to the judges he took these things knowing that the intention was to influence his decisions as a minister. There is no evidence that he was offered or that he accepted money.

Now, like Jimmie Thomas, he must walk into the twilight. ★

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WIT AND WISDOM

Time and a Half for Late Spawning A British official says that goldfish in a power station pond "are working satisfactorily since nationalized." They aren't paid the union fish scale, either!—*Toronto Star.*

Lose More Bathers That Way—"The way to keep a shark from biting you is to grab his fin and ride with him," says an ichthyologist. Another way is to stay out of the ocean.—*Kitchener Record.*

Silk Purse Made Out of Sow—A pig in Manitoba is reported to have eaten $65 in greenbacks. So if you happen to find the signature "G F Towers" on a strip of breakfast bacon, don't be surprised.—*Victoria Colonist.*

Out of the Question—Members of Parliament at Ottawa are asked to cut their speeches and shorten meal times. Even one or the other would be a difficult choice but as for both — — *Port Arthur News-Chronicle.*

Cream of Income—Practically everybody contributes to the national tax kitty—at so much purr.—*Kitchener Waterloo Record.*

Skhandholous — Rita and Aly Khan khan marry or not, whichever they wish and we khan't imagine anyone giving a tinker's dham whether they dho or they dhon't.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

Dilemma—Mr David Lilienthal chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, says both the human race and the atom bomb are here to stay. A pessimist might think this a discouraging outlook either way.—*Kingston Whig-Standard.*

Lower Caste of Living—There may be no more untouchables in India, but you can't touch a white collar worker in Canada for very much after the first of every month.—*Toronto Telegram.*

The Rideau Waltz—The most popular Ottawa dance remains the sidestep.—*Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph.*

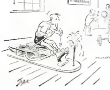
Repeat the Question, Please?—Finally a train had reason to stop, look and listen. A bear on the tracks delayed a freight in Alaska.—*Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.*

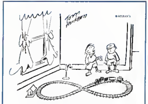
Higher Education? — A New York show girl quit the stage to enter college. Maybe she'll wind up in a class by herself.—*Guelph Mercury.*

Touche—The word "tax," we are told, comes from the Latin "taxare," meaning "to touch sharply." No further wisecrack is needed.—*Niagara Falls Review.*

Or Snap a Sneeze — A famed X-ray specialist has photographed a cough. Next they will be asking people to pose for a hiccup.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

WILFIE **By Jay Work**





"Of course you can't just walk into one of the high paid jobs — you'll start on track repair."

The Gentle Persuasion—A Quaker pioneer walking from his clearing to the meeting house, had his trusty flintlock ready. A nonbeliever accosted him, saying "Brother Nathan, is it not your belief that what is destined to be will be?"

"Yes."

"Then if all the Indians in the province attacked the meeting house and your time had not come, you would not be harmed?"

"No," answered the Quaker.

"But if your time had come," pursued the other, "then no matter what you did, it would do no good?"

"That is right."

"Then why do you carry the gun to the meeting?"

Gravely the Quaker replied "On my way to or from the meeting I might see an Indian whose time had come."—*Souris Plaindealer.*

Garden Gadflies Persistent questioning during the days when the gardens were open to the public had driven the old gardener to exasperation and he boiled over when, as he was planting some saplings, a hearty individual breezed along with "Ah! What sort of trees are you planting there?"

The old gardener straightened his back and almost shouted "Wooden ones."—*Calgary Albertan.*

The Good Companions—"I hear you sold your pig."

"Yep, sold him this morning."

"What did you get for him?"

"Eight dollars."

"What did it cost you to raise him?"

"Paid $4 for him and $5 for feed."

"Didn't make much, did you?"

"Nope, but I had his company all fall."—*Flin Flon Daily Miner.*

How It's Done—The police officer was preparing to fingerprint an offender.

"Wash your hands," he ordered.

"Both of them?"

The police officer hesitated for a moment. "No," he said grimly. "Just one of them. I want to see how you do it."—*Montreal Star.*

Lazy Daze—The old mountaineer grandpaw was sitting in his favorite rocker on the front porch of his little cabin. He was rocking leisurely, east and west.

Sitting beside him, rocking north and south, was his youngest son Bob, an innocent little shaver of 42.

Without turning his head, the old man said "Sonny boy, no use t'wear yerself out thataway. Rock with the grain and save yer strength."—*Muenster Prairie Messenger.*

Catty A musical comedy actress, no longer youthful, joined a touring company. Business was not particularly good and the tempers of the company suffered accordingly. Relations became somewhat strained between the "star" and certain members of the chorus. There came a knock at her dressing room door.

"Who is it and what do you want?" she demanded sharply.

"There's a lady in front who'd like to see you. She says she was a chum of yours when you were at school. Shall I show her in?"

From the corridor came the voice of a catty chorus girl. "Wheel her in!"—*Welland Port Colborne Tribune.*

After-Dark Illusion—On a dark and stormy night the trainman was signalling to the engineer when he dropped his lantern to the ground. Another man passing by tossed it back to him on the top of a boxcar. In a few minutes the engineer came rushing up.

"Let's see you do that again!"

"Do what?"

"Jump from the ground to the top of the boxcar!"—*Kirkland Lake Daily News.*

He Met Sad Ends—An ostrich went out for a stroll in the desert and thought he'd call at his favorite oasis in the hope of running across a few pals.

When he got there he found six ostriches standing with their heads buried in the sand.

"Just my luck!" he said. "Not a soul about."—*Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph.*

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SEE THE ONLY WASHER IN THE WORLD THAT DOES ALL THIS!

WASHES BY EXCLUSIVE VACUUM-CUP ACTION Gentle as your own hands . . . and just as thorough. Easy Vacuum Cups really get clothes clean. Active, aerated suds remove deeply embedded dirt. No harmful chemicals required. Actually 50% to 75% easier on clothes.

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underwear just once and you'll wear it all your life! For you'll know the minute you put it on what comfort *really* is. You see, Lennard's Comfort Twins is the only
Canadian underwear
that has the Kut Ups feature and the Cantilever Support. Working together, these two big exclusives banish creep, bind, bunch, give you support
that's really
gentle. You feel the difference with every move you make, every step you take. Yet Lennard's Comfort Twins cost no more. From now on, wear this
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kind of underwear. Ask for Lennard's Kut Ups shirts and MacDee shorts. At better stores everywhere.
LENNARD'S HALF-WAYS
support without binding or chafing. The built-in Cantilever action gently lifts as full elastic waistband hugs. Only MacDee has it! Your choice of briefs or half ways.
LENNARD'S SHIRTS
won't wrinkle, won't roll up. Because the inverted V vent tailored in at the crotch but keeps them smooth and tucked in. Exclusive with Lennard's Kut Ups

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Young Man of the World

Continued from page 25

New York's café society, where he had a reputation as a junior playboy. He chose show business in preference to college after a year at the Carnegie Institute School of Dramatics.

Then came the Army and six daylight missions over Germany as pilot of the Flying Fortress "Calamity Jane." He crash-landed in Sweden on his seventh mission when hit by flak, was interned, escaped after three months and became pilot instructor until demobilization.

After the war he tried the stage again and was offered a chance most hoofers would have jumped at: understudy to Ray Bolger in "Three to Make Ready." But the war had changed him. "I knew there was no longer any such thing as a normal life," he recalls. "The feeling of disillusion grew in me slowly. It was a steady process, not an overnight explosion. For two years I suffered a growing sense of frustration." He began to read about the world government ideas of Cord Meyer, Jr., Carl Van Doren and Thomas K. Finletter (now Marshall Plan Chief of Mission for the U.K.). But he felt there was too much talk, too little action. "I wanted to dramatize world government and relate it to the individual by demonstrating what happens to a man without a country in this world of sovereign states."

Garry Davis decided to act.

Told to Leave France

He chose France as the place where he would make his move. It was a choice of partial inspiration, the birthplace of the Rights of Man, bastion of individualism, with its capital Paris, traditional refuge for the dispossessed, a centre of western culture, open-minded, excitable, intellectually curious, and one of the few countries in the world whose constitution provides for the relinquishing of national sovereignty to a supranational world authority.

Paris and a piece of paper brought world attention to Garry Davis. The piece of paper was the passport that he handed in to the U.S. Embassy in Paris on May 25, 1948, with that grave act renouncing American citizenship and becoming a problem child for the Paris police.

Davis was now stateless and paperless and the latter is the more outrageous conduct for French officialdom. His visa for residence in France was technically in force until Sept. 11 but the passport on which the visa was granted no longer existed. This was fine for Garry for it dramatized the plight of the individual trapped in a world of investigations, barriers and cold-hearted bureaucrats.

One of those bureaucrats, in the absence of instructions from above, informed Davis that he must leave France on Sept. 11. Without papers, however, Davis could not get a visa to enter any other country. He could presumably be put on a boat at a French Atlantic port and spend the rest of his life at sea working his eternal passage on a tramp steamer.

Then he had an inspiration. The French Government had just turned over the Palais de Chaillot to the United Nations as the Assembly Hall for the Paris session, had declared it to be a temporary international enclave, so that technically the buildings and the Place du Trocadéro appendant to them, were no longer French territory.

Garry Davis wrapped up his army sleeping bag, his typewriter and an extra shirt and left France by the simple expedient of stepping off the sidewalk of the Avenue du President Wilson and striding over to the centre of the open square. The next morning Paris woke up to find it had a Citizen of the World camping out in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower.

His appeal was sure-fire. Impulsive Parisians flocked by the hundreds to his "office" on the steps of the administration building in the centre of the Place, bringing him jam, bananas, warm socks, specially hand-knitted for him, books, and even one de luxe jar of lobster meat from a dowager lady of Passy.

The French police stood by. He was no responsibility of theirs. The first night on the steps Garry curled up out in the open on the cement floor and slept soundly. As I drove up with a few other newsmen to find out just what was happening, a hard-bitten 'flic' rushed over, lifted his white riot stick to his lips and whispered, "Silence, messieurs, the Citizen of the World sleeps."

It was there, from the steps facing the Palais de Chaillot, that Garry Davis first spoke to the world through the press and radio, expounding his ideas, launching his campaign for peace through world federal government. His "movement" was born on those Trocadéro Heights, overlooking the Seine; there his first followers rallied around him.

Whatever becomes of Garry Davis and the ideal of world government it will always be identified with this Place du Trocadéro, which already has its place in history. (A few yards away Benjamin Franklin flew his famous kite.)

For six days and nights Davis lived on the UN doorstep, holding open-air press conferences on the broad Chaillot esplanade. His views were simply and forcefully expressed: "Rival national states are again threatening to war upon each other and drag the world down to destruction. The UN is powerless to act. It cannot promulgate international laws because it is not a government and only government can make law and keep order. The UN is only a smoke screen obscuring the grave truth that the world is torn by anarchy."

"Only World Government"

On the question of the Soviet-American cold war Davis said: "People are worried about the disagreements between the Soviet Union and the United States. What they should worry about is the area of agreement, not disagreement. The real peril is that the two great powers have an unwritten, unexpressed but nonetheless implicit understanding on their respective zones of influence. The quarrel is on the limitation of these rival spheres. Only world government can end this dangerous division of the world."

Davis on the U.S.: "I did not renounce my citizenship as a protest against the United States. I love my country dearly. I would have done the same had I been a Frenchman or a Russian or an Englishman. My protest is against narrow nationalism which has always resulted in war and death."

The six days he camped out and answered all comers helped clarify his own ideas, many of them fuzzy and unformed by his own admission. He kept insisting, and still does, that he has no intention of heading a movement, that he subscribes to no formal political doctrine, that his sole aim is to rally masses of people to the idea of world federalism. Federalism is a key word for Davis.

He thinks of the first world government as a federation of states that surrender some sovereignty to the federal government while preserving full authority in purely local affairs. Says Davis: "If a resident of Houston can be both a loyal Texan and a loyal American, then a Parisian can be a good Frenchman and a good citizen of the world."

Then UN legal experts decided they had no authority to grant him world citizenship and on the afternoon of Sept. 17 some hundred Paris policemen came to cart him away. As they took down his pup tent and hustled him off to a riot squad car they looked grim and unhappy. One *agent de police*, standing by in case of trouble, told me why they looked so grim. "We like the little man. He wants peace. And who doesn't? It is painful to be a policeman!"

Inside the police van Garry talked of his ideas for a world police force to his interested captors. As they hustled Garry into the inspector's office one policeman leaned over and asked, "Tell me, citizen, how much will they pay the world policeman?"

He Draws a Crowd

Davis stayed in the news. He got headlines when he tried to make his unscheduled speech from the balcony of the Palais de Chaillot Theatre where the UN was still meeting. As the guards pounced on him and carried him off shouting, Colonel Robert Sarrazac, one of his advisers strategically sitting at the other end of the hall, got up and delivered the address in French while delegates gasped in surprise on the floor. (Davis himself has only a smattering of French.) The spotlights turned unerringly on Sarrazac. A hero of the French Maquis, he is editor of a page called "Peuple du Monde," which appears in the Paris morning paper "Combat" (Independent Socialist) twice a month giving news of the Davis phenomenon. Sarrazac is one of the members of the 26-man Council of Solidarity which acts as guardian and adviser to Davis, helps arrange his public appearances and lends the prestige of its individual members.

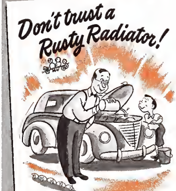
Davis has had two successful public meetings: one bringing out 5,000 Parisians who tried to jam into the 2,500-seat Salle Pleyel concert hall. A request for contributions brought a storm of 100,000 francs. A second rally scheduled rashly in the mammoth Velodrome d'Hiver that only a De Gaulle or a Thorez can fill on short notice brought out an amazing crowd of 12,000 enthusiastic supporters.

By Christmas, 1948, Davis had unquestionably arrived and announced the drafting of a special card for world citizens which will be distributed to anyone who will pledge his faith in world government and promise to vote in the 1950 election for a People's Constituent Assembly. The People's Assembly is not Davis' idea but he approves it completely. Principal architect of the Assembly plan is

Continued on page 54

Answers to
AT HOME ON THE RANGE
(See Quiz on page 49)

1. Broom
2. Measuring spoons,
3. Ladle strainer,
4. Egg slicer
5. Cake form
6. Sink sponge



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Drain out your anti-freeze and clean out winter's accumulation of scum, scale and rust. Neglect now may mean trouble and costly repairs later. Just pour a can of C-I-L COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER into your radiator. Run the engine and drain. It dissolves rust, cleans thoroughly, improves engine performance and saves gas. It's safe, sure and easy to use.

2 MAKE IT RUST-PROOF with C-I-L Cooling System Rust Inhibitor.
After cleaning out the radiator, you can keep it free from rust all season by pouring in a can of C-I-L COOLING SYSTEM RUST INHIBITOR. It prevents rust forming and keeps out acid, too.

3 MAKE IT LEAK-PROOF with C-I-L Cooling System Sealer.
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Continued from page 52

Henry Usborne, British Labor M.P., with the support of 100 Members of Parliament.

Davis has no illusions about such an assembly becoming a world government overnight. He hopes that a sufficiently large popular registration and vote will convince skeptics and the despairers of the world government idea, will give it new moral credit in the eyes of the world.

Davis lives and makes his headquarters at the Hotel des Etats Unis (whose owner hopes to change the name to "Hotel of the United States of the World") on the Boulevard du Montparnasse. It is one of those obscure, grease-stained, creaky lodgings that usually shelter exiled men from Eastern Europe. The odor of fried potatoes and the stale but still acrid bite of coarse French cigarettes crawls up your nostrils as you enter. Guttural Polish echoes up from the dark corners of the gloomy hall.

A poster on the wall announces that this is headquarters for "Garry Davis et ses Compagnons." The Davis trademark—a huge yellow circle that appears on all his printed material—stands out on the sign. On the first floor is Room 5, general reception room of the Davis group. Thirty to 40 visitors a day squeeze up the corkscrew staircase to this room.

Davis himself lives in Room 29, a narrow cubicle just wide enough to stretch your arms in, just three strides long from door to window. A bunch of red artificial holly bound with bright green ribbon is tied around the bars of the bed. It is all that is left of a Christmas package from Garry Davis' mother and it is the one colorful, human touch in the whole drab chamber with its one rickety bridge table, its battered armchair and its empty CARE package waste basket.

"Monk in Flight Jacket"

Davis spends most of his time in this room. (One of his most moral critics, Jean Daniel, commentator for L'Aube, the Christian Democrat paper, calls him "The monk in the flight jacket.")

He's up at 7.00, gulps his *café au lait* over the New York Times, which he gets free, and the Paris edition of the Herald Tribune, which he buys. His mail is enormous. He naturally doesn't read them all. They are screened and the most significant are passed along to him. He answers the most urgent. He also writes speeches, messages, newspaper articles. The day I saw him he was wrestling with a BBC talk.

One significant letter on Jan. 27 came from a young man named Jan Ravier. Ravier was born in Holland, raised in Rumania, took his high schooling in Italy and has just arrived in the U.S. from Bombay via Europe. His problem: if war comes along, world citizens will have to join their respective armies. Should they or should they not?

Davis replied: "Consult your own conscience. I cannot advise you on your present responsibilities beyond asking you to work for world government.... Personally I am not a pacifist in the narrow sense of the word. I believe in ... law and order which implies the use of force. I think that a world police force ... will prevent total war and mass destruction."

From 11 to noon Davis holds a staff meeting, then lunches in the bistro off the lobby and returns for another session with the mail at 1 p.m. He sees visitors until 4, then holds an executive meeting with his chief associates Sarrazac, Russ Benedict, his publicity man, and Madame Moreault, his chief letter screener. This capsule brain trust decides broad policy questions. Davis makes the final decision.

After dinner Davis studies. He reads the papers and books earmarked for his education. Main literary influences: Emery Reves' Anatomy of Peace, Philip Wylie's Generation of Vipers, Ayn Rand's The Fountainhead, Lloyd Douglas' The Robe, Cord Meyer Jr.'s Peace or Anarchy, Arnold Toynbee's Study of History.

Sister Will Help Him

His father and mother were dead set against his decision to renounce his citizenship but have become reconciled to it, even proud of him now. Meyer Davis carries press clippings, shows them to everybody. His kid sister Marge, aged 18 and just out of high school, plans to come to Paris and work for him this summer. Davis draws no salary but gets a small allowance from his family (roughly $20 a week) which pays his rent ($20 a month) and meals ($1.65 a day).

The attitudes to Davis are divided. U.S. Government officials in Paris are furious with him. They tried to argue him out of his renunciation and the embassy officials I talked to think him a hopeless dreamer, an unwitting Communist tool, a past and potential troublemaker. They've washed their hands of him. On the other hand, French officials like him. The President of the Republic, Vincent Auriol, received him cordially. Herbert Evatt, the UN's doughty, eminently realistic chairman, wrote him a pleasant personal message while officially turning down his request for a special session to debate world government.

Conservative French spokesmen who object to Davis (most prominent: Francois Mauriac, Catholic writer in Le Figaro) point out that only the western world has the freedom of expression that will give Davis' ideas circulation; thus the western world may be divided against itself under Davis' prodding while the Iron Curtain countries remain solid. Again by condemning *all* nationalism Davis is said to be guilty of putting America and Russia in the same sack, of diverting public attention from the pressing need to organize an Atlantic Pact and western defense and of failing to point out that Russia is the force threatening the world.

Davis' critics also point out that the Communists began by blasting Garry Davis as a fool but suddenly soft-pedaled and now leave him untouched in the pages of their press.

Davis replies: "Any positive action toward realizing the condition of world peace, that is a democratic world government, runs the risk of condemnation for undermining the will of the western world to organize its defense against Soviet expansion and Communist sabotage. This condemnation comes principally from naive optimists who cling to the hope of real progress amidst international anarchy. The only defense today for any nation is elimination of war itself. The people have sensed this both in the East and in the West."

Davis says the Communists are afraid that a truncated world government without participation of the Soviet Union would be a western bloc directed against Russia. He believes that the fear of the Communists and the fear of the conservatives cancel themselves out and prove that his way is a middle way, a mass move for peace that will ultimately exert irresistible pressure on all governments, even the most absolute.

As to charges of communism, he laughs that off. Most of the members of his council are liberals and socialists. The most extreme left wingers are men like Vercors and Martin Chauffier, who believe in socialist-communist co-operation and have appeared many times on Communist-sponsored platforms. But neither of these two men are orthodox, and both are regarded with suspicion by the Communists, even when they are glad to use them as props or fronts for Communist campaigns.

The official Communist party line, printed in the Jan. 1 issue of France Nouvelle, regarded as an organ of the party, runs like this: do not ignore the tremendous desire for peace of the masses that expresses itself in many forms, one of them the Garry Davis movement. There are, of course, Anglo-American agents and warmongers in the Davis camp working undercover and trying to confuse the people by masking the warlike aims of the West under an idealistic and artificial pacifism. The role of the Communists is to expose these manoeuvres, but do not attack the sincerity of Davis personally nor of the many honest people who follow him, or else you risk offending great masses of people who ardently desire peace. Try to channel them away from the propagandists and try to show that only America desires war whereas the Soviet Union is the champion of peace. Pay no support to the idea of world government but make every possible use of the yearning for peace that is behind the idea.

Garry Davis is sensitive to accusations of being "a tool of the Communists" or, on the other hand, "a tool of the warmongers." I suspect that his sensitivity arises from an inward confusion about political theory. I have had many long talks with Garry since the day I first met him on the Trocadero steps. His political education is haphazard, with great gaps. I don't think Garry knows exactly what communism is, or capitalism for that matter. He has only the very fuzziest notion of what the nature of world government should be.

He says that this is no concern of his, other than a recognition that the form of government should be democratic. Even here he cannot give an answer to the problem posed by the many definitions of democracy that exist and the practice of so many statesmen from Stalin and Truman through Queuille, Attlee and Peron to claim that their form of democracy is the best.

Davis refuses to allow his own confusion or the complexities of future developments to divert him from his fixed course: the attainment of mass support for world government.

He looked at me wistfully when I asked if he did not sometimes think about his personal future. I said a little harshly, "Little man, where do you go from here?"

He turned to the window and watched the traffic on the bustling Boulevard du Montparnasse and then replied softly:

"I have the same dreams and desires as any man my age. I don't want to be a martyr or a hero. But this thing is deep inside of me. There isn't room for anything else now. I'm heading down a one-way street." ★

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Now They Get Medicine From Blood

Continued from page 26

tack. Perhaps these blood proteins could be separated from the blood plasma and used as specific medicines for specific treatments. Why give all the proteins if perhaps one or maybe two would do the job?

The needs of war encouraged and speeded up a program of deeper research into the chemistry of the blood proteins. Plasma, though effective as an emergency measure, was space- and weight-consuming. The plasma powder itself was light and compact but the bottles of sterile water in which it must be dissolved were heavy and bulky. A pint of rehydrated plasma weighs about one pound and takes up about 30 cubic inches. Multiplied by the thousands that represented considerable tonnage and space for the supply systems of fast moving armies, navies, and air forces. Military men wanted a streamlined substitute for human blood—something that could easily be stowed on submarines, landing craft, airplanes and even in the kits of paratroopers.

The first important solution to the problem came from the laboratories of the Department of Physical Chemistry at Harvard University in Boston. For a number of years Dr. Edwin J. Cohn had been experimenting with the blood proteins. By a complicated method performed at temperatures below freezing he was able to separate the plasma proteins into five basic parts. One of these parts was a substance called serum albumin, which is more than half of the proteins in plasma.

Doctors had already found that this serum albumin was the ingredient most active in making plasma effective as a blood substitute. They knew that serum albumin had the ability to hold water in the blood and prevent it from seeping away through the blood vessel walls and surrounding tissue. Further tests showed that it also could draw water from the body tissues into the blood and thereby maintain the proper blood volume.

By the winter of 1942 serum albumin was in commercial production—being extracted by Dr. Cohn's methods from the donated supplies of human blood—and became available to our fighting forces. It not only proved effective in the treatment of shock and burns but it was extremely compact. A single 100 cubic centimeter bottle (about one fifth of a pint) of serum albumin proved as effective as a full pint of plasma. It weighed only one sixth as much as an equivalent amount of plasma and took up only one fifth the shipping and transport space.

What's more, serum albumin also saved time. It did not have to be dissolved in water and since a smaller quantity of liquid could be used the injection time was greatly reduced. In war, time is an important consideration.

Work for the Byproducts

Now with the war over, serum albumin is a potent civilian lifesaver. Compact enough to be carried as easily as a bottle of pills in a doctor's handbag, it provides a ready emergency means of treating accident victims right at the scene and keeping them alive until they can be moved to a hospital for whole blood transfusions.

And serum albumin is being put to other medical uses. It is proving most valuable in the treatment of cirrhosis of the liver as well as a type of kidney disorder known as nephrosis. In liver cirrhosis the damaged organ no longer can manufacture plasma proteins and injections of serum albumin help to make up the deficit. Similarly in nephrosis there is a deficiency of plasma albumin and serum albumin helps to maintain the proper supply.

In the course of developing and producing serum albumin for its important wartime work, medical men became intensely interested in possible uses of other plasma proteins. It seemed wasteful to throw them away as useless byproducts of the serum albumin manufacturing process when they too might be medically valuable.

Some of the byproducts have proved just as important as serum albumin itself.

In surgery, stemming the flow of blood from an incision always has been a problem. Sponges or gauze pads can be used but they must be removed before the incision can be closed. So great is the chance that a sponge or pad may be overlooked and sewed up in the wound that an operating room nurse has the job of keeping a close count on them before and during the operation.

Blood, however, has its own built-in sponges in the form of protein substances that readily form blood stemming clots. Two of these substances—fibrinogen, a plasma protein, and thrombin, a blood chemical—now aid the surgeon. Fibrinogen, extracted from human blood in blood banks, is formed into white foamy sponges. Placed in a surgical wound and soaked with a solution of thrombin, the sponges form a natural blood clot. Being made from blood the fibrinogen can be sewed up in the wound where eventually they will be absorbed by the body. This fibrin foam is now in the biggest demand of any blood product in Canada; dentists as well as doctors are using it.

Made into a sheet called "fibrin film," fibrinogen also helps the brain and nerve surgeon. Placed over the exposed brain after an operation, fibrin film serves as an excellent substitute for the brain's natural protective membrane, which dissolves as nature in time produces a new protective covering. The use of fibrin film prevents the formation of troublesome adhesions.

Help for the Bleeders

In nerve surgery fibrin film can be fashioned into tailor-made tubes to be used as temporary outer sheathings for nerves and tendons that have been repaired. Again, because it comes from human blood, it is easily absorbed and eventually disappears completely. Canada's first supply of fibrin film went to Laval University's department of surgery about a year ago. At that time the price for a sheet about the size of a page of this magazine was $45. Now the same quantity is available in Canada for $25.50.

The same fraction of human blood that yields the valuable fibrinogen also provides a third important blood medicine — antihemophilic globulin. Until it became possible to extract this valuable protein from human blood the only treatment for hemophilia, a hereditary blood disease in which the slightest cut or scratch can cause the unfortunate sufferer to bleed to death, was transfusion with whole blood. Because by heredity it has afflicted a number of the male members of the interrelated royal families it has come to be known as the "Hapsburg disease." Before the advent of antihemophilic globulin it was dangerous for hemophiliacs to have even minor operations or tooth extractions. Now an injection of antihemophilic globulin can return the hemophiliac's blood clotting time

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to normal and hold it there for a period of eight hours—enough time to allow him to safely undergo minor surgery. It's been available in Canada since last October and was first used at the Victoria Hospital, London, Ont.

Just as hemophilia is one of the rarest of diseases, measles is perhaps the most common. And another medicine extracted from human blood is fast proving its worth as preventive, or at least a moderator, of measles as well as mumps and catarrhal jaundice. This blood medicine is known as gamma globulin, and it is obtained from that fraction of human blood that contains the disease-fighting antibodies which the human system creates to protect itself against disease.

Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto has been making limited use of gamma globulin known commercially as the immune serum globulins as have also a few pediatricians in other parts of Canada. The whooping cough form known as hypertussis is very expensive ($15 for a normal two-and-a-half cubic centimeter dose, and two shots about 10 days apart are usually required for a successful treatment) but Sick Children's and a couple of other Canadian hospitals have been employing it in severe whooping cough cases.

Every adult has antibodies in his bloodstream. Each time you have had a disease your system and your blood stream have attempted to build up a defense against it. The fact that you got well is proof that your body was entirely successful in building up an immunity to beat back the attack. In some diseases like measles and mumps, the immunity is lasting, and your blood retains the antibodies capable of fighting off those particular germs or viruses. If the gamma globulin is extracted from your blood, it will contain those antibodies. Injected into someone else's blood stream—say a child who has been exposed to measles—it will help that person to resist the disease.

By carefully selecting donors, blood chemists can produce a variety of gamma globulins each of which has a high concentration of antibodies to fight some one disease. Researchers hope to be able soon to produce a series of gamma globulins that will be effective in preventing or at least moderating such things as scarlet fever, German measles and the various types of jaundice as well as measles and the mumps.

The four new blood medicines described so far come from the proteins of the blood plasma. The fifth blood medicine, the red cells—comes from the blood's solid matter. These red cells left over with the white cells as waste in the process of manufacturing plasma and plasma proteins are most valuable in combating anemia. Injections of red cells obtained from pooled blood go a long way to relieving an anemic condition temporarily. Several Canadian hospitals have been producing them as a byproduct of plasma.

Although the protein fractions aren't produced in Canada as yet, they've been commercially available through Canadian agencies of U.S. laboratories since May, 1947. However, the Canadian Red Cross hopes to make them available within a few years to Canadian hospitals and doctors—either free or at costs much lower than at present—through its National Blood and Transfusion Service now being organized across the country. When this service begins to function nationally, the Red Cross hopes that one of the country's leading medical laboratories will install the expensive fractioning equipment and produce the protein fractions under Red Cross supervision as is now being done in the U.S.

Right at the moment, blood research continues forward at a rapid pace. The progress made during the last war is being continued. Researchers have great hopes for the future of the blood medicines. They even have hopes that in blood they yet will find potent chemicals or proteins that will help them to solve the deadly secrets of such widespread killers as the heart diseases, tuberculosis and cancer. ★

The Lovers

Continued from page 11

we're just talking for us! Don't take it personally. I've always thought you were just the kind of woman who should have children, healthy and capable, and oh, not afraid of anything! But Fred and I——"

Her voice started to rise again and Fred pulled her back against him on the love seat, his two hands fitted over her shoulders gentle but firm the way you'd close down a bird's wings.

"Let's skip it, honey. Remember the last time you agreed we weren't going to talk about it again?"

She nodded, the color dying out of her face. I was silent, taking that in. His voice sounded casual and yet, in a way, that handful of words seemed to cancel out everything Jeanne had said.

I stood up. "I've got to run along. I'm leaving tomorrow. If you ever get out West let me know. I'd love to show it to you. I'm one of those enthusiastic transplanted natives."

Jean said wistfully, "Maybe we will some time. It would be wonderful for a while."

When I left, Fred was saying worriedly that he was afraid she'd caught cold in the rain, that he was going to put her straight to bed with supper on a tray. Then he'd read aloud to her. They were discovering the classics together; right now they were on 'Vanity Fair.'

I walked briskly toward my parents' house and I thought about Steve, my husband. I felt like having a good wholesome, bang-up fight with Steve, and then I wanted us to laugh about it later the way we did. Love was a lot more like yeast than it was like butter.

IT WAS twelve years before Fred and Jeanne got West. I had almost forgotten their existence. Life was too full. The past was like an old copybook in a dusty attic, perfectly legible but not worth reading.

Steve was doing well in a big real estate development. Stephanie, my oldest, would be entering university next fall and meantime, kept the house gay with young people. Dave, my strapping 14-year-old, was burning up the highways with his new motorbike. Tommy was twelve. The infant I had left the last time I went East, the last time I had seen the Monroes.

And yet, when Jean's letter came, and I looked at her name at the bottom of the page, her face and Fred's came alive in my mind. And the curious emotion they used to stir in me came back, too, slight but persistent, like an odor. Pity and indulgence, and a faint, unnamable distrust.

"We're really going to see the coast at last," Jeanne wrote. "It's been our dream for so long! Could you find a place for us to stay? Not too expensive, as our funds are limited. In our minds you have always been associated with the golden West, so please forgive this presuming on our old friendship. Fred and I are babes when it comes to travel—this will be our first time away from home."

I thought of all the days of all the years since their marriage in that musty little apartment, the thousands of meals eaten at that table with the two napkin rings, two lamb chops on the stove, butter bought in quarter pounds, one bottle of milk left at the door.

And then I looked around at our big, cheerful, disorderly house, and I listened to the children raiding the kitchen for their enormous after-school snack and the noise, the throaty adolescent voices of the boys, the laughter and the horseplay, even the wastefulness, all seemed beautiful to me.

At dinner I told the family about Jeanne and Fred. And I said firmly, "One thing I've made up my mind about. They're going to stay in this house. Twelve years they've saved for this trip and I don't suppose they have the faintest idea what hotels cost these days. Tonight you kids go to work on the guest room. Clear out the dart board and that dress you're making, Stephanie, and the sewing machine, and Tommy's half-built ship models. Tomorrow I'll have it cleaned."

Steve, my husband, said reminiscently, "I can almost remember her. Pretty little blonde with big pansy-blue eyes. Came to our wedding."

"That's Jeannie. And Fred was tall, dark and handsome. You know—they looked like an illustration in a child's storybook. The beautiful princess and her gallant prince. Hand in hand. You always thought of them as hand in hand, and looking at each other dewy-eyed."

"Gosh," Dave said, taking his large, sneakered feet from a chair rung and slapping the front legs on the floor. "This should be something. That should be worth cleaning out the guest room for."

I sighed. "Fred and Jeanne are forty now. My age. I'm afraid the prince and fairy princess are no more. They'll probably be plump and prosaic and middle-aged. But they'll still be in love—I'll promise you that."

STEPHANIE'S sixteenth birthday was to be the 22nd of May and we had planned a party for it. Now that I knew the Monroes would be here at that time I decided to move the party to the club where we'd have plenty of room and make it a dual affair. While the kids were dancing, Steve and I would entertain their parents at bridge and we'd serve a big buffet supper for all!

It would be nice to have a gala event to highlight Fred's and Jeanne's visit. Of course Steve was going to fix it so they'd do all the things first visitors to the coast always want to do—swimming at one of the well-known beaches, a visit to Grouse Mountain, a trip to Victoria. But to me, hospitality means introducing people to your friends.

THE day they arrived I took my daughter Stephanie to the station. I always like taking Stephanie around. She's so attractive, dark and rosy and full of life that I took her just as I might have pinned a fresh flower to my coat—to feel festive.

We were separated by an incoming crowd in the station, and Stephanie got to Jean and Fred before I did. They must have looked enough like my description so that she recognized them, but when I heard her high, sweet voice, "Aren't you Mr. and Mrs. Monroe?" I turned and experienced a little shock.

Continued on page 58

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Continued from page 56

They didn't look plump and middle-aged but they didn't look the same either. Something was all wrong. Jeannie was as slight as ever, but her hair, hanging shoulder length, had a brassy look and her face was too thin and she had on too much make-up. Fred wore a belted camel's-hair coat and a jaunty bow tie, and when he took off his hat I saw that his hair had receded in two thin points toward the top of his head.

That was all right; what I didn't like was the way he was looking at Stephanie. It was that same expression, "dewy" I had once called it, but now "fatuous" was the word that came to mind—with which he used to look at Jeannie. And I had a flashing thought: he can't help it! It's the way he always looked at pretty young girls.

Then it was all forgotten in the flurry of greeting and I felt my eyes getting wet, because after all these people had been a part of my world before I ever knew Stephen or Stephanie or the boys, and they still called me Alcie and nobody else knew that had been my little girl name.

I HAD promised the family that Jeannie and Fred would still be in love after they had been in the house for two days I wasn't so sure. There seemed to be a kind of strain between them and they no longer did everything together. The children were sweet to them. Stephanie's best friend, Sue Norman, had a car of her own and the two girls offered to drive the Monroes around sight-seeing. Fred accepted almost too eagerly, but Jeannie seemed to prefer staying home with me.

She spent a lot of time in her room, setting her hair, doing her nails, creaming her face. One afternoon when Fred was out with the girls I went in there and found her lying on the bed, her hair wound into tight little curlers. The shades had been drawn against the brilliant light, but if she was trying to rest she wasn't accomplishing it; her whole slender body was tense with the effort to relax.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have disturbed you," I said, "but I'm going to drive the boys downtown and I thought you might like to go along for the ride."

She sat up at once.

"They belong to a boys' club and they're working on some Dominion Day shindig."

Dana and Tommy followed me into the room, wrangling about Dana's gun. Tommy wanted to borrow it; it seemed he needed a gun for his part in the pageant, but Dana, from the vantage point of two years and five inches, was being tough about it.

"Now, boys," I began. "After all, this is a lady's bedroom—" But Jeannie was already up and wrapped in a dressing gown.

"Let me see that gun," she said softly. "It looks just like mine."

The boys were surprised into silence. Dana handed over the .22 and she ran her hand along the smooth stock.

"Of course mine's pretty old. And the barrel's heavier as I remember. I haven't used it in a long time."

Dana said with interest, "What'd you do—hunt rabbit and quail and stuff? I mean I guess in the old days there was a lot more wild stuff around to shoot at than there is now."

"I never shot at anything. I hated killing." She sat down at the dressing table and began to take the curlers from the tight brassy little curls. Her face looked small and plain with her hair up that way. "Just targets. I never liked any of it really. Hunting, fishing, camping out at night. It was just that circumstances made an outdoor girl of me. Circumstances."

"Run along," I said to the boys. "Let Mrs. Monroe get dressed. And take that gun out of here."

Half an hour later she was sitting beside me in the front seat of the car with Dana and Tommy in back.

When a red light halted us beside a big gaudy florist shop she said suddenly, "Could you park for a few minutes, Alcie? I've got an errand in here."

I DREW up to the curb and she ran across the sidewalk into the shop. We could all see her through the big glass window, looking at this distance like a girl in a full-skirted cotton print, her hair flipping on her shoulders as she moved about, pointing out flowering plants and massed spring blossoms.

"What's the plot?" Dana asked. "She going into the florist business?"

I said ruefully, "I've got an idea this is her contribution to the party tomorrow night. She can't afford it and I can't do a darn thing to stop her. Dana—run in and help—she can't carry out all those things by herself."

Tommy and I sat on in the car and watched the three in soundless conversation, Jeannie, Dana half a head taller, and the clerk who was taking the order.

It didn't prepare me for the sight of Jeannie's face when she came out. All I knew was that in the flick of an eyelash something dreadful had happened, something that had turned her face into a pinched little mask. Dana and Tommy, sitting behind us among the flowers, saw nothing, of course. Uneasily I protested Jeannie's generosity and we drove on. And nothing was said until we had dropped off the boys and were headed back home.

"Alcie—"

It was coming now. I didn't turn my head. "Yes?"

"You know when I was in that store buying the flowers?"

"Uh huh."

"And Dana came in? Alcie, do you know what the man said, the clerk? He said, 'I'll give this heavy potted one to your son. He's bigger than his mamma.'"

"I know. They think people like that folksy approach."

"He thought Dana—that great big hulking boy—was my son!"

"Well, but Jeannie, dear—"

"Alcie, he didn't even question it! He took it for granted."

"Dana's only fourteen. We get used to these huge children out here. I suppose the coast climate forces their growth." And I said very, very gently, "We're the same age, Jeannie. You can't expect it to seem so strange to me."

She was beginning to cry. "You must think I'm a fool! But can't you see—it's living with Fred! Fred couldn't love a middle-aged woman. I've got to stay a girl for him, always. And I have, Alcie, I have! I take care of myself. I rest in the afternoon. He hates me to be tired. Why, if it were true that I looked like a woman who could be Dana's mother—it would be—it would be the end of my marriage!"

I KEPT on driving. It's wonderful the way your eyes and feet and hands take care of you, when your mind goes right off the job. "And does Fred believe that you two can do what no other pair of lovers has ever done before you—hold time at a standstill?"

"I don't know what he believes! But he can't accept life as it is. Everything must be beautiful. He makes a little occasion of everything—a bottle of wine and a poem to go with it. My last birthday he gave me a dozen flasks of perfume. Everywhere under my pillow, at my place at the table, in the toe of my slipper I found perfume. And flowers for my hair. What can you do with flowers for your hair if you aren't—young, Alcie? What else?"

"You could put them in a vase."

"Don't make fun of me! Oh, Alcie—don't you see what's happening? I'm not enough for him any more. Beauty and romance—the things he needs just as he needs food—he's beginning to turn—elsewhere."

I suppose we both finished that in our minds—she meant to girls like Stephanie and Sue Norman. I said with brutal matter-of-factness, "It seems to me this whole thing is awfully one-sided. You keep talking about what Fred needs, but what about you? If Fred stopped being romantic to you, would you be through with him?"

"I?" she said blankly. "I—" After a moment she went on in a small, tired voice. "Sometimes I think the most wonderful thing in the world would be just to relax. To look ahead without that desperate wondering how long I'm going to be able to keep it up."

I exploded. "Jeannie, if you wouldn't be so darn meek about it! It's tragic but it's ridiculous too. Can't you just sort of laugh him out of it?"

She shook her head. "I can't laugh at Fred. I love him too much. Oh, Alcie, don't set yourself against him. He's such a darling, really! He's just never realized that marriages have to grow up just as children do."

I UNDERSTOOD finally. Looking at it one way you could say that Fred was more utterly faithful than Jean. But what he was being faithful to was his first love, the young and innocent Jeannie he first knew. She lived in his heart forever, radiant and ageless, and if sometimes it seemed to him that girls like Stephanie and Sue had more in common with the young Jeannie than this frail, real, nervous woman at his side, who tired too easily, laughed too shrilly, and sometimes cried for no reason at all, was that the fault of anyone?

Because obviously Fred could not see that he had in any way changed at all.

ON THE night of Stephanie's party, when we were all hurrying to get dressed so we'd arrive at the club before our guests, my husband walked into our bedroom and shut the door.

"Alcie, you've got to watch Fred tonight. He's had two cocktails, but it's hit him like six."

"What's he doing?"

"He's down in the living room, all dressed up and pacing the floor like a nervous horse. You'd think he'd never been to a party before."

"Wait till we get him to the club and herd him in with the grownups. That'll calm him down."

Steve absently fastened the bracelet on the wrist I held out to him. "If you succeed in herding Fred, you ought to take up steer roping as a profession. I'm warning you, Alcie, he's headed for the wild blue yonder!"

I NEVER saw a prettier lot of girls than we assembled for that party. It gave me a pang, not for myself, because I had a daughter in there pitching—but for Jeannie. She was wearing sky blue chiffon and under the too bright hair her little collarbones had a birdlike prominence.

But Fred! — Even Steve had to admit at this early stage of the party that Fred was a success. The dinner jacket Steve had discarded when he put on weight fitted Fred's slender height to perfection, and his courtly manners, and air of grave, almost consecrated enjoyment, had a certain charm. A period piece, but yes—charming. We all felt it, even the girls.

In a way the girls were to blame for what happened later. They were too sweet to him. While the rest of his generation was in the bridge room sitting stolidly over cards, Fred was out on the dance floor cutting in on the most popular girls.

Once I looked out at the dancers and saw Fred dancing with Stephanie, one arm held high, bending a little from the waist as he used to dance with Jean in Miss Atkins' dancing class. But now Jean was standing just outside the lighted room in the half light of the veranda, watching.

It was right after supper, before the dancing had started again, that Steve sought me out, and this time there was no amusement in his voice.

"Alcie, the kids are getting fed up. Freddie was a novelty at first, but he's beginning to make a fool of himself."

"Is this a communique from Stephanie?"

Steve nodded.

"Well, look, tell her I want to talk to her. Privately. I'll be out on the veranda, the pool end."

There were three people sitting on the edge of the pool—Sue Norman, the boy she was going with, and Fred. Just before Steve spoke to me I'd been out for a breath of air, and it had been clear to me in the few seconds it had taken to walk past the pool that the two youngsters were trying to ease out on Fred. But apparently it had not been clear to him.

I went back to the veranda and leaned against the railing. Just behind clumps of bushes was the pool. I could hear Fred's musical voice—he was telling some long story. I lit a cigarette. I had never done a consciously cruel thing in my life and it wasn't fun. But I couldn't see any other way.

When Stephanie came out I let her come all the way to me before I spoke. Then I raised my voice just a little. I said lightly, "What on earth about your Uncle Fred?"

"Mommy, I hate to complain, but honestly he's getting so corny! All these flowery compliments and the hand holding, and the boys are going to get rude if he keeps cutting in. I don't know where he's at now, but if you could just tactfully suggest that he act his age for the rest of the evening."

The young clear voice stopped, but it was enough. Beyond the wall of bushes there was silence. I don't remember how I got Stephanie and myself inside, but it was fast.

Ten minutes later Fred touched my arm. I turned and looked into those serious eyes, at the short upper lip touched with perspiration, and the dimpled chin. I felt a little sick.

"Would you mind if Jean and I left a bit early? Steve has been good enough to say we may take your car. We're a little tired."

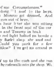
Then I saw Jeannie. She didn't look tired. There was color in her face and she looked better than she had all evening.

"Why, of course," I babbled. "You just run along. If you're tired there's absolutely no point in staying on."

"We're not very used to parties," Fred said, giving me his grave and courteous smile.

He had Jeannie's coat, and now he laid it, with exquisite tenderness, around those frail little shoulders. Her face was peaceful when she said, "Come in and tell us about it when you get back. We won't be asleep. We always read aloud to each other before we go to bed."

He put his hand to her elbow and guided her through the dancing, noisy, oblivious couples out of the room. ★



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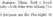

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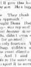

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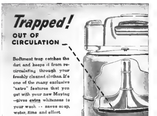

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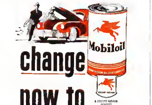

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A Place for Children

Continued from page 22

Herbert remembered, over all these years, how he'd said: "I like her a lot. She's a fine girl."

SHE WAS. As the days went by and Herbert saw still more of Ellen, he realized how fine she was. Perhaps it was only in his own eyes, his own estimation. But that was what made it important. Herbert had known a lot of girls before and during the war, but he had never known one he had considered in the light of marriage, a girl he would spend the rest of his days with—rise to see over the breakfast table mornings and find waiting for him when he came home at night.

It was something that Herbert knew instinctively to be as startling to other men as to himself. The first time he thought of it, walking home from Ellen's house after a date at the movies, her kiss still warm on his lips, he had felt a great unease—a fear. Almost a sense of being trapped.

He hadn't called her for almost a week. Then he called her and there was nothing in her voice but gladness. They went bowling and walked down to the bridge.

They sat looking at the water. They didn't speak. Herbert knew he loved Ellen. He knew he wanted to see her over the breakfast table and find her waiting for him when he came home from work. He took her hand in his and Ellen's fingers curled about his palm.

He thought of her family—of her mother and father and her brother Ted who was in his first year at High. He thought of his own family. Mom who was thin and quiet and Dad who was burly and greying and always worried.

Herbert thought of a lot of things. Beside him Ellen sighed. Over their shoulders the moon shone on the still waters and Herbert turned to Ellen and said breathlessly, "I love you. You know that, honey, don't you?"

All Ellen said was, "I hoped you did," but their hands caught and clung. There was no need to say more.

A WEEK before Herbert bought the ring, which was in November of '46, he told his mother and father. Ellen was going to tell her folks that night as well.

Mom came to Herbert and kissed him and left the living room. Dad stood frowning. Dad said, "She's a fine girl, that Ellen. A fine girl, Bert, but—"

He pulled at his grey mustache. He said, "It's hard. These days."

"We'll get along," Herbert said cheerfully, happy that he had broken the news.

Dad shot him a glance from darkling eyes. "Aye, you'll be a father yourself some day. I hope you will, Herb. I hope you'll have it easier than me."

"It'll work out," Herbert said, and Dad's mouth twisted under the mustache. "Aye," he said again. "You're in love and you're twenty."

"I'm twenty-five," Herbert said, looking squarely at Dad. "I've found the only girl I'll ever want. I'm not a kid. I'm a man, Dad."

"You're a man," Dad said, and there was something in his voice and in his face, a sort of regret, even a sort of self-accusation that made Herbert go to him and put his hands on his father's shoulders. He was almost a head taller than his father. He looked down at Dad. "Don't you worry. I'll make out. I'll go places. Quicker and better with Ellen to help me. And Dad, thanks for everything."

"Everything," Dad said. They went out onto the little porch. Herbert could hear his mother working inside. He could hear Jill and Dave in their room at the back. He thought, his heart swelling, "I'll get something better than this for Ellen. She'll have a better time than Mom's had."

He said again because he had to, "It'll work out, Dad."

In the dark he heard Dad's sigh. Dad said, "You've got to be sensible about it, son." His hand lifted, dropped. "Maybe it's asking a lot, but there are things you've got to stop and consider. First of all, where you going to live?"

Herbert hadn't thought of that yet. It came to him then that it was a problem that confronted nine out of ten young people like himself and Ellen.

Dad said, "You can't get an apartment. You can't get a tourist cottage. There's more money in overnight tourists. And you know better than to buy or build."

Herbert did. Working with Randolph Construction he knew that a decent, properly built house was out of his reach and he knew, too, that the older houses one could buy were priced beyond reason, far beyond value.

He did not know what to say and so he said nothing. It was Dad who rumbled, "And then, what about children?"

Herbert frowned. He said, "We don't have to have children."

This time it was Dad who stood silent for a long moment before he shook his head and went inside.

WHEN Herbert saw Ellen the next night he was feeling rather low, but once they were out in the street with the sky dark and star-studded above them and the air sweet and cool on their faces he felt better. He felt at peace, as he always did with Ellen.

He told her what Dad had said about a place to live. Ellen said, "I know. My folks are bothered, too. They like you, Bert, but I guess it's the money I pay at home and—well—the way things are."

Herbert had only nodded, holding to her hand as they walked toward the park at the water's edge. He said finally, "We've got to think of it, though. We've got to think about where we'll live. We've got to have a place and frankly I don't know of any."

He felt her fingers tighten reassuringly. "I've thought of it. I don't think we could afford the sort of place we want and we haven't much chance of getting anything we can afford."

Herbert felt a little touch of panic. "Well, then, what—?"

Ellen said quietly, "There's my room at home. It's big enough and we can use the kitchen to cook and have our meals."

"But your people," Herbert stammered.

"They know. I told them. I told them what we could pay, too. We'll get our own food and we'll both be away all day at work."

Herbert stopped, looking at Ellen in the dark. He saw the nebulous blur of her face turned up to his. It wasn't necessary for him to speak. Ellen said, "I know, darling. It isn't what we want. But maybe it won't be for long. I pray it won't."

Herbert remembered how her voice had shook. Her hands had trembled against his arm. "What else can we do? The way I feel, loving you so—"

He had broken across her words, roughly. "The way *we* feel." He had put his arm about her shoulders and drawn her to him. "It's swell of your people, Ellen. It'll work out. And it won't be for long. We'll have a place of our own."

(continued on page 62)

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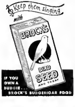

Continued from page 10

Even as he had spoken he had remembered what Dad had said the night before and he had frowned, his brows drawing together. Ellen said as if his thoughts were impelled her own, "Mother will for it, but Dad said if we had children there— there wouldn't be room." She looked up at him. "Darling, you— you won't mind if we wait?"

"We'll wait," he told her deep from his chest. "It'll give us time to put away everything we can. I'll work my feet head off. I'll get places and we'll have our own home and then you'll see, Ellen . . ."

HERBERT couldn't remember the years that had passed. He only recalled the things that had been. They'd been married at Thanksgiving and gone for their week's honeymoon. They'd come back and settled down in Ellen's room at the Craigs and it hadn't been good. It wasn't the Craigs themselves. It was everything. Ellen's mother was a chubby little woman with a kindly disposition, but she was always talking. You couldn't get away from her. There was no place they could go but their room and that made them feel choked. Gave them claustrophobia.

Father Craig was iron and dour. He was set in his ways. He didn't like his paper touched or the radio tuned to any station but those he was used to listening to. And Ted and his sister and the conflict over meals. And the arguments that inevitably came up.

SITTING here now staring at the brown and white shoes at the ends of his long legs, Herbert shuddered to remember. But it was that, he was sure, that had made him work as he had. Had made him look to the future.

He'd had some money and Ellen had a little. He'd bought those lots on the Beach toward Dunedin. They'd been tentatively to consider a couple for his and Ellen's home, but he'd known he could build small, two bedroom houses of white cemented concrete block that the older, wealthy people would buy for summer residence.

He tried but he couldn't recall just which year it was when he'd built the first and sold it profitably, cut away from Randolph and gone in on his own. He'd built dozens of them, bought farther down and made money, a great deal of money.

That was many years ago. He couldn't say how many but he felt them worm heavy on his shoulders. And soon where there had been Elly.

HERBERT MARSH lifted his head and looked to his left. The beach shimmered in the sun. He couldn't see Elly. There was no sign of her chubby figure. He turned his head quickly to the right. There was only emptiness there.

He half started up, then sat back again as a shadow fell across him. He looked around and saw Fred Merle beside him.

Fred was heavy now, his hair grizzled and sparse. Herbert tried to remember if Fred had ever married Eloise Lewis. It bothered him that he couldn't. He wondered if he looked as old as Fred. They were the same age.

Fred said, "Nice." He gestured. "It always was. Been pretty good to us, Bert."

Herbert made a sound of impatient agreement. He leaned forward the better to see past Fred. There was a tugging fearful anger in his breast. Elly was only a child but she should know better than to wander out of sight.

He said, "You don't see her, do you?"

Fred asked, "Who?"

"The old fool," Herbert thought, but he said as calmly as he could, "Elly, of course."

"Ellen?"

"Elly. My daughter." Herbert could not keep from shouting.

The shadow moved. He saw Fred bend to look at him. Fred asked, "You feel all right, Bert?"

"Of course I feel all right," Herbert snapped, but as he looked up into Fred's face he felt a premonition of what was to come.

Fred's voice said slowly, "You've no daughter, Bert. You never had any children. You sure you're all right?"

The sadness welled then, gripping at Herbert's chest and throat and he knew it for what it was. He stared at the empty beach and there was a great desolation upon him. He thought, shrinking within himself, What good is it then? All I've got, all I've done! The desolation spread. It seemed to take in the smiling empty beach that cried for little figures with brown healthy bodies and flying hair. It made his heart swell. Made him cry, "No. No. It can't be—" But he knew it was.

His chest ached. He cried again, "No. No." He tried to throw off the hand that was holding his arm. A soft voice, husky, said, "Bert—" and he turned his head and saw Ellen beside him.

SHE was smiling at him, the fair hair caught back from her tanned face with a brown ribbon, as she knelt beside him in the sand. She said, "I hated to wake you, but you were dreaming, darling, and it's time we got the bus and went home. Fred and Eloise will be coming soon. We're going out to dinner with them—or have you forgotten?"

Herbert stared at her. He looked to right and left. There was nothing but the empty beach and tiny cars packed far up where the other Sunday swimmers were reluctantly leaving the water, headed homewards.

He looked at his bare feet, the strongly muscled legs, at his brown hands.

It came to him then. This was April of '49 and when they left the beach and the only quiet and privacy that ever belonged to them they would go back to the house off Central and the Craigs and the hundred and one little irritants that divided them all. It was April of '49 and he was twenty-six and it was still all before him.

But that did not matter. Herbert knew now what mattered.

He got up and Ellen rose with him, rounded and shapely. She gathered up the beach towel and the cigarettes and the half dozen shells she had garnered for her collection. She smiled at him, her eyes dark. She said, "Poor darling. I know how you hate to go back. But someday— soon I hope—" She broke off to look at the water where the fiery sun was fast sinking. At the beach where the sandpipers skittered. She said, "It's lovely—"

That was when Herbert spoke. His voice broke from his throat. It hurt him to speak. He said violently, "No. It's not. It can't be without them."

Her grey eyes widened as she looked at him. Herbert gestured. "It's a place for children. It's no good without them. Not this alone but everything. The world, our life—"

He put his hands on the bare warm satin of her shoulders. "Ellen, I want our child, our children. I won't wait. I don't care where we have to live. In a trailer or a shack or just one room. If we wait it may be too long—it may be too late. I want our Elly."

He stared down at her, his mouth contorted. He saw her grave eyes looking up into his own. He heard the gentle exhalation of her breath and then, as her red lips parted, the quiet comforting, reassuring sound of her voice. "I hoped you'd say that, Bert. I do, too." ★

"Fire, George, fire, fire —"

So You're Buying a Used Car

Continued from page 19

not less than a quart of oil every 200 miles, and the more smoke that shows the more it's using. So check this point carefully, and for reliable results don't do it until the engine is well heated. Failure to spot this warning sign can easily cost you $100, even if it isn't any more serious than piston-ring trouble.

Listen for noises in the transmission, the gear box that is, and at the rear end where the drive shaft meets the back axle. They may be due to badly worn or broken gears, and a reconditioning at either end can run to $100. And if the clutch chatters or slips on a hard uphill pull, adjustment probably won't fix it. Reconditioning is the answer, at a cost that begins around $20 and goes from there on up.

Also watch for bucking—a series of surges, as if the car were trying to make like a mustang to throw you. Engine bucking shows up most plainly when you're doing about 8 or 10 m.p.h. in high gear or going even more slowly than that. It is the tip off that the car needs anything from a slight tuneup to a carbon and valve job, which will cost anything from $6 to $40.

When you get back from your road test, switch off the engine and run your hand over the radiator—not the chromium part but the real works, right in front of the fan on the inside. It should be hot throughout, and if there are cool spots here and there it's a sign the radiator either needs cleaning or replacement, at a cost ranging from $10 to $50.

While you're about it, check the cylinder block and cylinder head for cracks due to freezing or overheating. You're most apt to notice them at the top and bottom, along the length of the engine block. Trickles of water or rust spots on the sides are a big help in identifying them, and they're points you'd better not miss. They may indicate a terrific future repair bill or even a new block costing up to $400.

Jump up and down on the front and back bumpers. If either end of the car keeps bouncing, it probably means the need of new shock absorbers at $5 to $10 for each of the four plus the cost of installation. And while you're at it, look to see if the front tires are abnormally worn and whether the front suspension is out of line. Fortunes are being made out of reconditioning front ends and setting alignment at $10 to $75 a throw.

Jack up the front of the car and feel each wheel for side-ways play. If you detect it, you have also detected another upcoming expense. And look for gouges or waviness on the front tire treads—signs that the wheels are a spot out of whack. Wheels should be almost exactly straight up and down, and should by no means lean in at the top. A small lean out at the top is all right as long as both wheels lean to the same extent.

More than an inch of play in the steering wheel or steering gear when the front wheels are pointing straight ahead will likely cost at least $20 to correct. You'd better make an extra special point of checking this if the car you're thinking of buying is a prewar model. If it were only a question of adjustment the previous owner would probably have had it made long ago in the interests of his own safety.

Watch for play in the hydraulic brakes too. If the brake pedal goes gradually down to the floor board whether you step on it hard or gently, it's a sign of trouble in either the master cylinder (the main part), or the cylinders at the wheels, or even in both places. Putting it right will cost from $10 to $40. Don't forget to check the hand brake too. If you ever need it, chances are you'll need it suddenly and a test of it should never be skipped or skimped. You'll also do well to have a wheel taken off so you can look at the brake lining, even if you're told it has just been renewed. It only takes a couple of minutes and it can save you $30.

These are just some of the things to watch for when you're after a used car bargain.

But if you're like many drivers whose knowledge of what makes a car go ends with the ignition key and the starter button, your best bet is to get hold of a really good professional mechanic who knows all the angles and isn't connected with any dealer. If you're buying from a private individual, pick an expert who isn't a relative of that individual and isn't somebody who owes him a lot of money or maybe wants to marry his daughter.

Take this disinterested mechanic along with you, listen carefully to what he says, and be guided accordingly. Pay him well for his advice—not less than $10. It will be worth it. ★

They Pay as They Sway

Continued from page 15

Murray threw a whizz bang among them. Applying highly organized business methods to selling hours of tuition, he has got Canadian dancers behind him in a nation wide conga line.

An important percentage of Murray pupils are highly personable and perfectly stable individuals who simply hanker for perfection in the ballroom. Others, however, are lonely hearts, wallflowers, rough diamonds and the occasional middle-aged Lothario—people who have failed to find companionship or satisfaction in everyday recreation and seek through dancing lessons an outlet for their frustration or an inlet to more gracious society.

Ted Maras frankly admits that many of his pupils are maladjusted, points out that much of his advertising is aimed at this type, and claims a strong element of mental therapy in his money spinning enterprise.

According to the Murray tradition dancing is not merely a means of keeping time to music. It is a way of life. It is the golden gate to that coveted trinity — personality, popularity and prosperity. And several thousand Canadians are paying $6 an hour for use of the key.

Gertrude Scott (she and Maras are in their early 30s) is a native of Hamilton. She was a Murray executive in the Detroit school when she met Maras, who was then earning $14,000 a year in his father's furniture business at Grand Ledge, Mich.

When Murray opened in Montreal, Gertrude, seeing further possibilities in Canada, persuaded Maras to interview the maestro of the American dance floor. Maras offered Murray $25,000 for the Toronto franchise.

Murray said, "I don't sell franchises. I grant them." But he was impressed by Maras' personality and financial stature. He put Maras through two years of grooming for directorship in Detroit, teamed him with Gertrude and let them loose on Toronto.

The couple put $100,000 into clear

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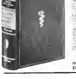

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ing a poolroom on Yonge Street and filling up two floors with hardwood surfaces, indirect lighting and music radiating to several salons from a central record player.

They trained 40 young men and women to fill the three key roles in the Murray method: the interviewers, the supervisors and the teachers. This corps came from many parts of the world and from several levels of society.

Meet Joe Morgan. He is one of those young Englishmen who earned their first pay behind a gun. When the war was over the fact that he had been deadly with a Browning in the turret of a Lancaster did not impress employers. So he came seeking his fortune to Canada.

He was full of RAF slang like "bang on, old boy" and "absolutely wizard!" When he was asked what he could do he said, "Anything you like, old top!" So they sent him selling encyclopedias to Northern Ontario nickel miners—in winter. That took the fizz out of him.

For many weeks afterward Pilot Officer Morgan pounded the streets of Toronto trying job after job. There were times when the toes came through his shoes and afternoon tea was the best meal of his day.

Recently Morgan's fortunes changed. He now earns $75 a week as a mercenary in Arthur Murray's North American army. Morgan the rear gunner is teaching women to rumba.

He is one of 300 young people who have jumped on Murray band wagons and are earning from 15 to 125% more than the average Canadian wage.

Ex-Mountie on the Tango

Morgan is one of two men and six women teachers who reached Canada during the last 12 months as immigrants from the United Kingdom and were attracted by Murray advertisements for staff. Another girl teacher is Anita Elsa Allen who came on a visit from Lisbon to the Canadian National Exhibition, then wrote her English father and Portuguese mother she was staying in Toronto to dance to Murray's tune.

Three Dutch girls who intended to grow tulips in Canada are growing bank balances at Murray's instead. A Cuban beauty and two sirens from Guatemala are injecting some native undulation into the rumba's "*Havana Tobe*" and the samba's "*Copacabana run pass*".

Among the many native Canadians is Janet Ritchie, a dark and willowy gal who tried to pay for New York singing lessons by washing dishes, found working for Murray more expeditious, and returned to her native Toronto to give Murray the benefit of her New York experience. She's one of the best paid teachers.

If you still think male dancing teachers are sissies, consider the case of Fred Broadley. Broadley, a husky 200-pound blond, resigned recently from the RCMP to demonstrate the "triple twinkle" in the waltz and the three positions of "*el gaucho*" in the tango.

Another Canadian is Wanda Big Canoe, whose father is chief of the Georgina Island Indian Reserve at Lake Simcoe, Ont.

These teachers have brains in their heads as well as their feet—they depend as much for their livelihood on salesmanship of the Murray going habit as they do on their instructive ability. They receive a base wage of $30 a week plus a variety of commissions ranging up to 15% on extended hours of tuition and introduction of new business.

Morris says he picked them for their personality. They had to be natural dancers but their style didn't matter. They had to be attractive but not necessarily beautiful or handsome. Each teacher signed on represents 20 screened. Each was first given five to 10 weeks' training free.

Teachers make between $50 and $75 a week during winter and more in summer when people looking ahead to the new season start taking lessons.

Interviewers work on a straight percentage basis and in Toronto make between $80 and $100 a week. The commission varies up to 15% according to the manner in which the new student has been introduced. One girl aged 19 sold enough tuition in one week last fall to clear $178.

Supervisors, who are in charge of teams of teachers and interviewers and excel equally at dancing and salesmanship, earn about $125 a week, mostly in a basic salary.

Hours are from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. six days a week.

Everybody on the staff must dance—even the clerks and switchboard girls. At the moment they are all learning the mambo. Word has been flashed from Murray H.Q. in New York that the mambo is mandatory. It is a rumba spiced with jive.

The difficult dances spell fat fees. When the new look came in jitterbug began to wane and there was a coincidental drop in pupils. Teachers cast around for something to take its place. They noted a steady enthusiasm for the Latin American dances. Down in Cuba the influence of North American swing was beginning to show in South American tempo. Bands were playing a new dance called *el commando* which reflected the impact of jive on the rumba.

Murray and other American teachers imported it. *El commando* was too formal a title. They wanted "a good $10 word" for it. So they picked on mambo, which in Cuba is applied to the sexy walk of Negro women.

Morris is plugging the mambo with brass and jungle drums on a Toronto radio station. The drain away of jitterbug students has been halted. The mambo has beguiled them.

Murray teachers give their time free in regular dancing lessons in the studios and at hospitals for blind, deaf and amputee veterans. One of the girls has taught a whole classful of veterans with one or two artificial legs to dance.

Morris carefully fosters a family loyalty in his team. Although the juniors call him "mister," the older teachers call him "Ted." "We have lots of parties," he says. "I often have them up at the house."

Teacher-Pupil Dates "Out"

Janet Ritchie chimes in: "We stick around together in a crowd. Often after 10 o'clock we all go off to a night club and dance for fun. But people see what good dancers we are and begin talking about Murray's. It's fine for business too."

Morris has laid it down that no teacher makes a date with a pupil.

Despite this, two Toronto girl teachers have married pupils.

"Things got so far once," said Morris, "that they came to me and said, 'Look here. This is no ordinary date. It's serious.' So I let them step out. But I clamp down on anything casual."

Several of the teachers are working wives though they all use the prefix "miss" professionally.

At one time pupils were taught privately in small studios. Now they are taught in larger studios in groups of eight or 10. This enables them to kick right off into what Morris calls "the ballroom atmosphere" and overcome

Continued on page 66

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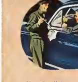

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"Let's *Linger* over our Coffee"

There's so much *Extra* Enjoyment in Maxwell House

WITH THE DAY'S WORK DONE and the last meal over, how pleasant just to sit and talk. Then is the time to linger over a second cup of Maxwell House . . . the time you'll fully appreciate the glorious flavor and comforting satisfaction in this superb coffee.

It's no surprise that Maxwell House is bought and enjoyed by more people than any other brand of coffee in the world *at any price*.

It contains choice Latin-American coffees selected for special qualities of flavor, fragrance or body. Expert blending combines them in our distinctive, mellow Maxwell House blend. Radiant Roasting captures *all* the goodness in every coffee bean.

Yet Maxwell House costs only a fraction of a cent more per cup than the lowest-priced coffees sold! You'll never go wrong, if you say to your grocer "Maxwell House, please"! See instructions on the container how to make a good cup of coffee.

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MH 49M

Continued from page 64

any self consciousness. Again," Mars adds, "in the private studios some of the guys would get a bit fresh with the girls."

A few pupils like bank managers, company directors and professional men, often goaded into taking lessons by their toe-trodden wives, are however taught privately and never appear at the Tuesday and Saturday club sessions.

One of the best sellers in the Murray publications is called "Popularity—a Manual of Social Success." Its chapter titles: "What Do Your Eyes Reveal?" "Are You Attractive to Men?" "How to Make a Man Propose," "Your Character—How Dancing Reveals It," "Are You Fun to Be With?" "How to Attract the Stag Line."

This last, by Mrs. Arthur Murray, advocates a flowing skirt because of the way . . . your legs are able to move *under* it. It warns: "A girl might as well have a wooden leg as wear a girdle that is too long and too tight for her." Girls are advised not to snicker at the 'feel' in dancing. "A man's arm does uncircle your frame, and a good dancer with his weight carried forward uses a certain amount of close position chest lead."

Both men and women are warned to beware bending the knee too much, "as this may give a wrong impression."

Also when the book says: "Men who try new steps and fancy steps and mess with the music rarely make the best companions. And girls who fall into their partners' moods and travel with them make the best wives."

Again: "The key to good dancing, good character and happy living is abandon, letting go, turning your feelings loose."

Arthur Murray gladly suffers the cracks exploded at his expense by topline comics. It's publicity that can't be bought. Such as Bob Hope's: "How we used to dance together, Arthur Murray and I, when we couldn't get girls."

You, Too, Can Be Tops

The life story of Murray, as told in a recent biography, began: "At a high-school dance some 20-odd years ago a kindhearted girl took pity on a tall gangling youth who was edging up against the side of the wall looking wistfully at the gay couples whirling by.

"'Let me show you, Arthur,' she offered, coaxing him to follow her out on the floor. 'It isn't really hard . . . see . . . you're catching on already!'"

This act of mercy set Murray rolling. He became a teacher later at New York's Castle House, won the approval of an instructress, Baroness de Cuddelstan, who took him as her assistant to the fashionable resort of Asheville, N.C.

Later again he splurged a big ad over magazine pages under the heading "How I Became Popular Overnight" and began to teach the foxtrot by mail. From this the Arthur Murray system and his dancing studio circuit grew.

That system, the Murray way of life, starts with the ads which say that you too can be the envy of the ballroom. When a toe-crusher plucks up enough courage to call at the Toronto studio he probably finds the gaudy foyer peopled thickly as pupils and teachers are changing over.

One of the teachers may be dressed in a purple blouse and a long "leopard skin" skirt. Another in a tight black frock with a bustle built for amplification of rumba bumps.

The men teachers are all slick, healthy, well groomed and completely masculine.

All teachers carry businesslike portfolios in which the progress of their charges is recorded in mathematical precision.

The men pupils outnumber the women five to one.

No matter how much promise a newcomer displays he is taken back to the basic steps of the foxtrot. He is shown what Murray calls "the magic step." This is a simple key to a great variety of farther steps. After doing this once or twice he finds a sudden ease in his style.

The teacher walks the prospect up and down the room in time to the music, explaining how he must carry his weight slightly forward, lighting on the ball of the foot, gracefully, springily. She illustrates points by getting him to watch himself in a big mirror. Within half an hour his dancing has improved.

Then he is taught a few steps of the samba and finds this is not so difficult after all. "The most popular numbers nowadays," coos the pretty teacher, "are the rumbas, sambas and tangos. And now the mambo is coming out. It's going to be the rage. It's not much fun to dance if you can only do the foxtrot and waltz."

Nijinsky in a Manhole

The prospect is told that instead of playing hockey or amateur dramatics many people make a hobby of dancing. It costs no more than other hobbies and it is both healthy and social.

It is emphasized that Murray's never give mere dancing lessons. They give a course best suited to individual requirements. "It's like going to college," says the teacher.

The prospect is tickled pink by his progress and intrigued by the ease with which he has learned a bit of the *samba*. Already he has developed a sense of obligation to Murray's. Now he gets down to business.

First there is the most expensive "lifetime course." This costs $5,500 on the installment plan, or $5,000 cash. It provides 1,000 hours of instruction and 26 hours annually of refreshers for as long as he lives. Mars has sold only one of these in Hamilton, and none in Toronto.

Scores of Toronto pupils, however, have signed up for the next most expensive "personality course" of 200 hours, which sells at $1,150 on the budget plan, less $100 discount for cash.

Next comes the 100-hour "self-improvement course," guaranteed to enable anyone to dance well with anyone else for $605 or $550 cash. Prospects refusing to commit themselves to this are often persuaded to take a 35-hour course for $265 or a 25-hour course for $191.

Cheapest is the "preliminary," selling at $38.50 for five hours of tuition. It is sold only as a last resort.

Pupils' credit is checked through orthodox agencies. Hours of tuition are generally spread over the installment payment period, but it frequently happens that pupils go on paying for courses long after they have been completed. Twelve hours' notice is required to cancel a lesson.

Few of the pupils are wealthy. In a sheaf of contracts kept by Gertrude Scott one is signed by a boy of 18 working in a downtown store for $100 a month. His course is costing him $191.

A young bank teller earning $100 a month has signed for a course costing $605.

Flipping through the pages, Gertrude will say: "Here is an interesting man. He wanted 10 lessons. We took him in, signed him for a 40-hour course and afterward extended him to a 200-hour

Continued on page 69

Because it's STOKELY'S tomato juice –

IT'S NATURALLY THE FINEST

you'll ever taste!

There just isn't another tomato juice exactly like Stokely's Finest! With its rich body and unique tangy flavor, you'll notice the difference at once.

That's because Stokely's is made from fine pedigreed tomatoes, picked at the peak of their flavor, and pressed by a special Stokely process which retains all the flavor and goodness. Stokely's is extra good because it's made that way—with the famous Stokely "know how." Treat your family to a can of Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice. Then you, like thousands of others, will agree that Stokely's Finest means Canada's Finest.

RECIPE ROUND-UP

Three ways of the many ways you can use Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice to improve the flavor of sauces, gravies, hosts of fine dishes!

TOMATO CONSOMME—*Add Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice to an equal measure of clear consomme. Heat and serve!*

TOMATO BISCUITS—*Use Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice as the liquid in mixing dough.*

POT ROAST—*Use Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice for your first liquid! Add water later if needed.*

Stokely's Finest means... *Canada's Finest*

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F**OR EASTER PERFECTION**

TENDERSWEET Hams need no soaking or boiling. Just oven-bake on a rack in open pan. Do not add water.

Oven. 325°F. **Time.** Whole Ham 15 minutes, Half Ham 22 mins. per lb.

When baked, remove the rind, score the fat and cover lightly with corn syrup. Then spread the surface with a mixture of 1 cup brown sugar and 1 teaspoon mustard, moistened with vinegar.

Brown in the oven at 500°F., basting with syrup until the glaze is golden brown. Dot with cloves and garnish with orange cups and green cherries as illustrated.

NO BOILING NEEDED

JUST BAKE, GLAZE AND SERVE

CANADA PACKERS LIMITED

Continued from page 66

course for $850. Now altogether, he has invested $1,500. The other day I saw him outside. He works down a manhole in the street."

One of the Toronto pupils is 87 years old. "He never stops dancing," says Gertrude. "One club session when it was 90 degrees he wore out all our teachers and then went around asking other pupils to dance. I swear he'll drop dead on our floor one of these days."

Club sessions are Tuesday nights and Saturday afternoons. The Saturday session is run to a live band and attracts the biggest crowd. These sessions are included in the student's course. They are titbits of social activity which often prompt pupils to sign up for extended instruction. Here the pupil gets the opportunity to dance with other teachers and pupils. He is not permitted to a club session until his dancing has reached a certain standard.

At these sessions you see a few awkward or ugly men and women. One or two faces suggest emotional instability. The odd elderly man dancing with a pretty young teacher looks a bit too rapt to be easy on the eye. No racial prejudice exists. Several Chinese and Japanese faces swim through the crowd.

No Wallflowers at this Party

Occasionally the gaiety and friendliness seem overdone, but the over-all view is not displeasing. The majority seem to have a good time.

The sessions are controlled by a smart woman M.C. at a microphone. She introduces new students by name and leads applause for them. Occasionally she strikes up the "Happy Birthday Song" for some student celebrating an anniversary.

Several Paul Joneses are started to warm things up. The M.C. will herself leap into the jive with such vigor and spontaneous merriment that the others form a ring round her and clap.

Nowhere else would you see such flawless interpretation of complicated dances. There are no wallflowers. The male teachers see to that. And when a stag line shows signs of developing the women teachers gush up with open arms and carry the men away onto the floor.

One widow of 60, a slim, gentle woman with twisting, sensitive hands—she works for her living in a hospital kitchen—says: "I never had a chance to dance in my youth. When I was left alone I happened to see a Murray advertisement and thought I would try it. It has done me a lot of good. It has given me confidence and friendship. I spend all my money here."

The other week a fragile girl of 20 went round the club session showing an engagement ring that had been placed on her finger by a fellow pupil.

"That child came here a bundle of nerves," Gertrude Scott says. "She used to weep if she put a foot wrong during her lessons. Now she laughs and chats with anybody and is always at ease."

Prizes Lure Them On

Throughout a course a series of points is awarded to students for introducing new business. These points can add up to be worth a refrigerator or a silver dinner service. It is easy to understand a pupil within reach of one of the hundreds of valuable prizes contracting for an extended course to be sure of getting it.

For the introduction of a new pupil taking $100 worth of instruction an old pupil gets a $10 cut, its equivalent in prize points or additional tuition.

This introduction of material gain into the ballroom ideal is the spark plug of the Murray enterprise. Ted Maris, for example, will cry exultantly "Toronto beat New York again last month!" You assume Toronto pupils have proved themselves better dancers in some contest. "No! No!" explodes Maris. "We did $11,000 more business than the main New York school."

Murray business is there for all students to see on a wall chart. In February Toronto was at the top of an eight-week competition ladder above all competing Murray studios in North America. Toronto teachers can win bonuses of about $40 each from the parent concern by keeping ahead. Last year they shared $8,000 prize money. It is the same system employed by direct selling outfits to spur on their door-to-door teams.

A teachers popularity contest is also under way. It won't be judged on a vote of pupils but on the hours of extended tuition they sell. The present contest is romantically charted on the wall showing the various teachers in a swimming race from Canada to Bermuda. As his business goes up the teacher progresses through the sea. The first teacher to reach a fixed business figure will get a free holiday in Bermuda.

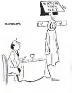
The pupils are drawn into the spirit of these contests. They soon begin to feel affected by the academy's fortunes and develop a mood of rivalry toward other studios. At club sessions cheers greet announcements of Toronto's business victories.

The Toronto school has imported an idea from England. This is the awarding of bronze, silver and gold medals for set standards of dancing. The aim is to get these standards accepted throughout Canadian ballrooms and provide dancing teams for Dominion championships, and ultimately for international festivals. A familiar question at the Toronto studio these days is: "Are you going in for a bronze medal?"

While bronze medals make friends the dance studio still depends on salesmanship for its new clients. At the Toronto studio the staff tells, with mixed amusement and pride, the story of the man who was seen leaning against the wall of the reception room a few months ago. An interviewer stepped forward briskly saying: "I'm sorry you've been kept waiting. Step right this way."

In a few minutes he found himself dancing with a teacher. Finally he bought a course.

"And to think," he said as he signed up, "I only came up here to sell you a magazine subscription." ★



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$100.00 for Best Recipe

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE!

HELLO NEIGHBOURS: Any old forecast for April is sure to predict rain—but don't let that fool you. There'll be days aplenty when we can don that delectable new confection of ribbon, flowers, and veiling and be as pretty as our best beau thinks we are! And it's only April that has those sparkling sunshiny days when we simply must rake the garden or paint the porch furniture—any excuse to be outdoors!

Testing your recipes each month is a wonderful adventure—always something new turns up—like those luscious, tempting pies and tarts for the January "Maple Leaf" Tenderflake Lard contest. The pie which the judges chose as first prize winner is really something to dream about. So let's hurry right along with

SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS TO

Mrs. Eva Goodman, 678 Wallace Street, Regina, Saskatchewan, for her $100.00 prize winning

TENDERFLAKE APRICOT CREAM PIE

Pastry:
1 cup sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup "Maple Leaf" Tenderflake Lard
2-3 tablespoons ice water

Sift flour and salt together. Cut "Maple Leaf" Tenderflake Lard into flour using two table knives until the pieces are the size of peas with a few larger pieces. Sprinkle ice water over flour mixture one tablespoon at a time. Always add the water in a spot which has not been dampened before. Work the pastry into a ball. If possible the pastry should be wrapped tightly and stored in the refrigerator for 24 hours before using. Allow pastry to stand at room temperature for a short while, then roll lightly from the centre outwards. Fold pastry and roll again. Fit into a 9" pie plate and bake at 450°F. for approximately 15 minutes. Cool.

Filling:
1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ cup water
2 eggs, separated
1 cup brown sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1½ cups apricot pulp, strained
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons fruit sugar

Soften gelatine in the water. Beat egg yolks slightly and add brown sugar, salt and apricot pulp. Place this in the top of a double boiler and cook, stirring until the mixture is thickened. Add softened gelatine and stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice and chill until mixture begins to set. Beat egg whites and add fruit sugar. Beat meringue until it stands in peaks, then fold it into apricot mixture, combining thoroughly. Place filling in baked pastry shell and chill until set. Serve [illegible] garnished with glazed almonds, whipped cream or apricots.

Note: *Peaches may be substituted for the apricots in this recipe.*

THIS MONTH, WE OFFER $100.00 FIRST PRIZE for the best recipe using **'MAPLE LEAF' TENDERSWEET HAM.**

Ham and Easter go together like ham 'n' eggs. So after you've baked, glazed and decorated your "Maple Leaf" "Tendersweet" Ham, won't you please write and tell me how you did it? Maybe you have a special glaze that makes it glisten like a jewel. Possibly you garnish it with some particular fruit to make a pretty party platter—or very likely your specialty is some second-day dish that's a family favourite. Remember, there's a $100.00 prize for the recipe the judges select as "best."

IMPORTANT Do not soak or parboil "Maple Leaf" Tendersweet Hams—just follow the easy cooking directions on the wrapper of whichever type you buy. Cured and smoked to tender sweetness "Maple Leaf" Tendersweet Hams do not require soaking or parboiling.

CONSOLATION PRIZES TOO! Everyone who writes a recipe will receive from Canada Packers a voucher which may be exchanged FREE at your grocer's or butcher's for one pound of "Maple Leaf" Cello-wrapped Wieners.

WE STIPULATE that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many entries as you wish to compete for the First Prize, but we promise only ONE voucher to each person who writes. No labels required. Should the recipe chosen for first prize be duplicated by another entry, the $100.00 will be awarded to the first one received.

CLOSING DATE: To qualify for the First Prize as well as the Free Voucher, your entry must be postmarked on or before midnight, April 30th, 1949. Winner of the First Prize will be announced in my July magazine column. Don't miss it, will you?

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO BRENDA YORK,
"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited,
2200 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

Have you tried this . . .

SPRINGTIME CLASSIC in the salad line is tart lemon jelly squares centred with walnut halves. Set on a lettuce bed, topped with your favourite fruit salad dressing, it's a pretty sight indeed.

COTTAGE COOKERY will be aided by a brand-new item [illegible]. It's "York" Hamburgers with Onion and Gravy—Comes in a tin, and mighty good, too.

NEWS ITEM: As we go to press, "Margene" has been on the market five weeks. Over 25,000 housewives have written us their opinion of it. Of these, more than 99% write us "Margene" is a useful and economical food for table use, for baking, for flavouring vegetables. "Margene" is a pure food of fine flavour and high nutritional value. Each pound contains 15,000 units of Vitamin A and 3,200 units of Vitamin D.

ADDED INTEREST for condensed celery soup is a thick slice or two of raw onion. Remove before serving.

My time is up and I bid you adieu—don't forget to send me your recipe for "Maple Leaf" Tendersweet Ham, and be sure your letter is posted before midnight April 30th. Meanwhile, I'll see you in the Easter parade!

Your "Good Things-To-Eat" Reporter,
Brenda York

J. ARTHUR RANK PRESENTS

ANN TODD

Name the Quality Which Distinguished An Actress From A Star

On the street in London, Ann Todd is often unnoticed even by fans who are devoted admirers.

Seeing her on the screen for the first time keen movie goers are equally certain and at once that they have just glimpsed a major star.

★ ★ ★

Critics assert that some stars cannot act. They likewise report that certain fine actresses will never be stars. The quality which makes the difference is something which cinema publics must settle for themselves. Ann Todd has it in high degree.

★ ★ ★

The subject can be best studied in a film with a top flight story and top flight stars. Recommended: THE PASSIONATE FRIENDS. Stars Ann Todd, Claude Rains, Trevor Howard.

★ ★ ★

The story, but naturally, is H. G. Wells' famous investigation of love versus security. Both are alleged to be in great demand at this time.

★ ★ ★

Like THE PASSIONATE FRIENDS it will not be permitted in some territories outside the British Commonwealth for the film version of A WARNING TO WANTONS to be seen with the same title as the best selling book. ONCE UPON A DREAM however will retain its first name. This comedy gives the Col. Blimp type one more going-over; on this occasion the weapons used are a satirical stiletto and laughing gas.

★ ★ ★

A completely new novelty in short films—the MAGIC PAINTBOX series from Britain's recently opened cartoon studios. These are part travelogue, part comedy, part musical and entirely cartoon in technique.

★ ★ ★

For the local playdate on any J. Arthur Rank picture, ask at your own Theatre.

An Release

Whirlaway to Work

Continued from page 9

business trips. To carry the family you would have to get a four place machine, such as the Sikorsky S 51. Its Canadian price tag is $98 000.

You find that a little steep? Well, settle for the Bell two-seater. It's only $11 200 in Canada, spares and gadgets extra.

Now about flying it. If you have $1 500 left over and are able to catch on quickly you can take a course of tuition and do the flying yourself. Otherwise you had better figure on paying a pilot at least $4 500 a year. And there's maintenance. The machinery has to be checked and adjusted frequently. That means a specially trained mechanic (whose maintenance course costs $500). Better put down $3 000 a year for him.

Then there is depreciation. Let's say $7,800, figuring on a four year write-off. And insurance at 12% premium comes to $1 780 a year. Hangar storage (it won't fit in your garage) will run to about $200 a year.

Now we have an annual fixed cost of $19 200 before getting off the ground. The rest depends on how much flying you do.

The helicopter gives you about six miles to a gallon of gas travelling at 75 m.p.h. Unlike a car it uses more fuel at lower speeds because it uses such a high proportion of its energy just staying in the air.

I checked with a commercial company which has been using a two place helicopter in Canada for the past two years for jobs such as crop spraying, aerial survey, power line inspection. At the low figure of 100 hours' flying a year they calculate their cost at about $120 an hour. Cost comes down to $50 an hour if you fly 500 hours a year, to $30 an hour for 1,000 hours.

Thus for personal transportation, today's helicopter would seem to be far beyond the financial grasp of any but upper bracket millionaires. What the future may unfold is an interesting subject for speculation. The trend is toward simplification and the experts seem to be sure that the day of the personal helicopter is coming.

There's a Knack to It

It looks easy to fly a helicopter but fewer than a dozen Canadians are qualified. Actually you don't have to combine the skill of a veteran airline pilot, the knowledge of an aeronautical engineer, and the dexterity of a circus juggler.

But it helps a lot if you can.

The catch is that the controls of the helicopter are extremely sensitive. What is more the four of them — elevation, throttle, direction and rudder — are interrelated. Movement of one requires immediate and delicate adjustment in the other three. Before many seconds at the controls the novice feels like a juggler with four Indian clubs in the air at once, with the panicky feeling that he's going to miss them all.

You can apply for a helicopter course at one of several schools in the U. S. They would like you to have at least 1 000 hours flying conventional aircraft. Also you should have good coordination and some mechanical ability. And incidentally be sure to have $1 500 for your tuition fee and whatever it costs you for room and board during the five-week training course.

The helicopter flying course includes 30 air hours, 24 with an instructor, five solo. You've got to spend another 50 hours in classroom and workshop learning what makes the helicopter whirl.

Bill Jackson rates as one of the best helicopter pilots in Canada. His comment on his training:

"During the first five hours in the air with my instructor I was completely bewildered. I didn't have a clue. For the next five hours I knew what I should be doing but couldn't seem to do it. Then I seemed to get the knack and, with much concentrated practice, I learned to fly the thing. Now it's easy."

Early mechanical troubles have been overcome by design modifications so that the present helicopter is virtually foolproof. "However," Jackson adds, "it is not darn foolproof." Nor is the automobile, he adds.

There are only 13 helicopters registered in Canada. Two are being used by the army at Rivers, Man., and six of the four place Sikorsky type are in the RCAF.

They were introduced to Canada by the Lundberg Ryan Corporation, Toronto, for geophysical survey work. This machine is now in Sweden on an aerial prospecting assignment.

Three other commercial companies —Photographic Survey Corporation, Toronto; Aero Services, Winnipeg; Skyway Services, Vancouver — are using helicopters for crop dusting, aerial photography and a variety of special duties.

The cost scares off a lot of helicopter business but many big Canadian and U. S. organizations have actually cut costs by using helicopters. For mail runs, survey jobs, spotting schools of fish, badlands inspections, weed destruction, crop dusting and spraying, locust killing, the mechanical dragonflies are unbeatable. In rescue and police work, too, they have proved efficient.

Over 85 days in the Northwest Territories last summer, Photographic Survey Corporation's Bell helicopter flew 210 hours with men of the Dominion Geodetic Survey. Toronto pilot Al Soutar took his passengers to elevated observation points virtually inaccessible from the ground. Soutar reported that he made 272 landings on mountain tops ranging in height from 4,800 to 8,700 feet.

Church for a Canyon

The selection of sites and the erection of fire-ranger towers in the forest areas of Canada normally is a tedious and expensive process. It means air freighting temporary tower materials to the nearest lake, then bushwhacking them to the proposed site. Erection of the temporary tower may prove the site to be inadequate. Thus selection of a permanent site may take three weeks to a month, with costs between $2,000 and $3 000.

Last summer in a helicopter operated for the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, experts selected up to seven permanent tower sites in a single day.

The helicopter simply hovered at the required elevation while the surveyor took his observations. Then it moved on to the next site.

This method proved to be only one-twentieth as expensive as the bush-whacking system. On this type of operation the 'copter could quickly pay for itself.

A helicopter was recently used to carry a church to the bottom of the Grand Canyon. A missionary society had decided to build a tiny church for Indians dwelling in the depths of the canyon. There seemed to be no way of getting timber and other material down the tortuous goat paths to the site, until a helicopter was given the job. It lowered the materials safely and swiftly to the floor of the canyon. The four-place Sikorsky craft can lift 800 pounds in addition to the pilot. The Bell two seater has a 400 pound payload.

In Los Angeles, a helicopter air mail service covering 44 suburbs has been in operation for 18 months. The plan has been so successful that the U. S. Post Office Department has started a similar service in Chicago and has plans for more services in major cities.

In New York a rooftop helicopter service is operating to distribute mail from the main terminal to widely scattered substations.

The helicopter is the newest and most spectacular farm implement in Canada. Before long, whirling wings may be a common sight over the average farm.

Airspray Ltd., an associate of Photographic Survey, did a lot of farm work in southwestern Ontario during the summer of 1947. Both Aero Services at Winnipeg and Skyway Services at Vancouver also have logged time in aerial farming.

The spraying season starts in February, when oil is squirted on to fruit trees, and continues into October with a succession of crops such as potatoes, beans, corn, tomatoes, onions, tobacco and fruit. The insecticide used depends on the assignment.

'Copter to the Rescue

Hovering over the edge of the field, the helicopter spews insecticide from an underbelly nozzle. The supply is carried in metal saddlebags attached to sides of the machine.

The downwash from the rotor blades causes the cloud of deadly dust to rebound off the ground and settle on the undersides of leaves, as well as on the upper surfaces.

It is estimated that a helicopter can cover 10 to 12 acres with a concentrated insecticide in 20 to 30 minutes. Cost estimate: $2.50 an acre.

A 70 acre field of tomatoes in upper New York State was threatened with ruin when a frost was forecast. Beginning at 2 a.m., when the mercury sagged below the danger point, a helicopter was hired to cruise slowly over the field fanning a downdraft of the warmer upper air onto the crop. Ground temperature was raised from a fatal 28 to a safe 32. The entire crop was saved while others in the vicinity had to be written off.

N. A. Affleck, plant manager of Stokely Van Camp Canadian canners, says: "The helicopter looks like the answer to our problem of getting valuable crops dusted efficiently and quickly at the exact time when they need it."

The helicopter is already proving its value in rescue work, an angle which the armed forces have been quick to appreciate. The RCAF has discovered in recent experiments that a helicopter can be towed like a glider behind an aircraft to the rescue scene, where it takes over for a pocket-handkerchief landing.

After an elderly Toronto citizen had been missing for several days it was suspected that he had wandered into the Rosedale ravine area in a state of amnesia. Police and Boy Scouts had been searching the woods without success. The services of a Bell helicopter and pilot were offered to city police.

With a detective as observer, the craft fluttered along over the treetops covering in a few hours an area it would take 50 men a week to search on the ground.

The missing man was not in the area but the visibility from the helicopter was such that the observer spotted a pair of blue trousers in the snow. The helicopter landed in a clearing while the detective investigated.

The experiment was rated a success by the police.

Germans Did the Trick

In case you don't know the difference between a helicopter and an autogyro and many don't, it's simply this. The autogyro is a conventional aircraft except that it has a freely rotating wing instead of a fixed wing. The forward motion of the craft through the air causes the wing to windmill. The helicopter, on the other hand, has no conventional propeller but its engine drives the main rotor, not only lifting the machine but moving it in any direction.

The helicopter rotor has a diameter of 40 feet. The craft can theoretically make a vertical descent into an area with 50-foot clearance, but as it can't keep going straight up indefinitely on take-off it would not be safe to land in a small area surrounded by high obstacles.

If a helicopter engine fails in flight, the rotor automatically free-wheels and the ship becomes a glider. The disc of the rotating blades serves as a wing. The momentum of the whirling blades is used to cushion the landing. The pilot simply increases the pitch of the blades when he is a few feet off the ground.

The helicopter is as close to being an all weather flier as anything else on wings including birds. Zero-zero visibility and freezing drizzle will ground it, but even birds prefer to walk then.

It can fly in high winds but its ability to manoeuvre safely close to obstacles is hampered by strong gusty winds. Low visibility in rain, snow or fog is not nearly as serious as with conventional aircraft, for if necessary the helicopter can creep through the murk at five miles an hour or less.

The idea of the helicopter is centuries old. However the first truly successful model was flown by Ewald Rohlfe in Germany in 1937. This was followed by the more successful VS-300 flown by Igor Sikorsky in the United States in 1939. It was not until Sikorsky made spectacular demonstrations of his helicopter after the war that public imagination was captured.

The role of the helicopter in modern living seems certain to expand steadily. The first civil helicopter was licensed in the U. S. only three years ago.

There are at least 73 types of helicopter either flying or under development today. Fifty two are U. S., one is Canadian. The rest are in various parts of the world, some behind the Iron Curtain.

Canada's native 'copter is the S.G., designed by a man and woman team, Bernard Sznycer and Selma Gottlieb, in Montreal. Both are aeronautical engineers. They built one experimental two place helicopter but have not yet completed civil licensing tests although their craft has flown successfully. Now they are working on an eight seater model. ★

FOOTNOTES ON THE FAMOUS

THE DEFLATION OF FERGY

DURING his years as Premier of Ontario (1923-30) and Canadian High Commissioner to London (1930-35) the late G. Howard Ferguson had to listen to many a fulsome introduction from chairmen. On one occasion, after a flattering welcome, Fergy said the extravagantly kind remarks had reminded him of the day in 1923 when he was first elected Premier of Ontario. Then he told this story.

He had waited in Toronto until there was no doubt how the voting had gone, then caught the midnight train for his old home in Kemptville, which he reached at six o'clock next morning. There was no one at the station to meet him, but as he strode up the platform carrying his bag, a local character called Pete appeared around the end of the station and the following conversation ensued:

"Hello Howard!"

"Hello Pete. Any news down here lately, Pete?"

"No, I ain't heard anything new, Howard."

"Didn't you hear that I was elected Premier of Ontario yesterday?"

"Oh . . . Yes! I heard that."

"Well! What did the people down here say when they knew that I had been chosen Prime Minister?"

"Oh! They didn't say nothin, Howard. They just laughed!"

—F. D. L. Smith

Do you know any humorous or revealing anecdotes about notable people? For authenticated incidents, Maclean's will pay $50. Mail to Footnotes on the Famous, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

Hoping for something or saving for it?

Many of your fondest dreams are centred in your children. You want them to have a good education, to develop their special talents, to have a good start in life.

And so you *plan* . . . The things you hope for so often depend on how well you save. *Now* is the time to set up a savings plan which will help you achieve the things you want most.

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SANITONE

SANITONE
DRY CLEANING
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The Fabulous Shoemaker

Continued from page 7

Bata named towns Batapur and Batanagar India) He commands the destinies of more than 100 000 employees — called Batamen — in 46 countries

One million pairs of shoes a day about 16 times the total Canadian production—pour out from more than 100 Bata factories as far-flung as Singapore Malaya Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo and Belcamp, Maryland Some of these factories consist of 100 buildings, some of which are 14 stories high Part of the unceasing flow of shoes they produce is channeled through more than 3 000 Bata retail shoe stores in every corner of the globe

Egyptians buy sandals from Bata packed in boxes of Moslem green. (Once the color was lightened and business stopped) Swiss Alpinists wear his ski boots In India barefooted natives were finally persuaded to don Bata canvas sneakers when a Bata manager heated the stones on the road in front of his store

In Europe they say that Bata is a 20th-century Midas He is the world's largest shoe manufacturer but shoes are not his only business. Other Bata-owned factories make the machinery that makes the shoes while still others produce sewing-machine needles, automobile tires Diesel engines, nylon stockings and fishing reels Deep in the equatorial jungles of Malaya and Peru are Bata rubber plantations In Africa there are Bata hide-gathering areas. And in Saskatchewan there are Bata gas and oil wells.

Mechanized Monarch

Bata's empire is so vast and so scattered he has not even seen half of it although he has made extensive air tours (64 000 miles last year) of Africa Europe, North America and India He is not even certain how much it is all worth in dollars Ask him for a figure and he puts it at a half a billion dollars at least

Yet though he is probably the richest man in Canada, Bata lives five months of the year in a five-room brick bungalow in Frankford five miles north of the factory town of Batawa which he built in the Trent Valley of Hastings County soon after his arrival in Canada 10 years ago The rest of the year Bata tours his world empire The only other home he maintains permanently is a six room house he rents in London England (on Curzon Street near Piccadilly Circus) but Bata's managers in other centres of his far-flung empire keep palatial mansions dusted and ready for a flying visit from their chief

Bata says that he pays himself a salary of "only $10 000" a year and claims that he lives well within it But "the company" pays all his expenses which are more than considerable (At Zurich Switzerland 400 guests sat down at a Bata table at company expense at an estimated cost of $10 000)

Thomas Bata looks—and sometimes acts more like a movie star than the popular conception of a hard-boiled international tycoon. Tall and photogenic he has dark, wavy hair blue eyes and a wide flexible smile that sometimes shows his straight, white teeth His features are Roman His hands are long and strong (he is proud of his "shoemaker's thumb" — traditional trademark of the cobbler) He is tanned and healthy looking and he has—on social occasions—the cosmopolitan manner of a man about the world

An international traveler and sportsman, he is at home in any capital of the world A friend and confidant of the great and near-great of many countries he hobnobs with kings and presidents (some acquaintances: King Gustav of Sweden, Anthony Eden Maharaja of Baroda) And in fact if not in name, he is a king himself—a new type of monarch product of a mechanized industrial age

As a ruler Bata is hard-working hard-playing, dynamic driving ruthless He is liked and admired, hated and feared When the Canadian Shoe Retailers' Association headlined Bata as guest speaker at their Toronto convention early in 1946 the Canadian Shoe Manufacturers Association (Bata is a member) threatened to boycott the affair The Retailers crossed their fingers and went ahead When Bata spoke the dining room was jammed to overflow—including practically every shoe manufacturer in Canada A listener explained "He's the most talked of man in the Canadian shoe business—but up to then nobody'd ever had a good look at him."

Most Batamen are loyal to him personally, though they may dislike their immediate superiors The men around him hail him as a benevolent despot who places the welfare of the workers above the welfare of Bata (Batamen in Batawa have the morning paper read to them daily over a public-address system, get free concerts in a Bata-built recreation hall) His enemies —rival manufacturers and labor unions —call him an egotistic exploiter of low-paid labor

Executives close to Bata admit that he has been pelted with such sobriquets as The Boy Dictator and The Shoe Slaver They have also heard him called a Bohunk, and a Damned Foreigner (though born in Prague Czechoslovakia, Sept. 17 1914 Bata is a naturalized Canadian citizen)

In 1938 the German press shouted "The Bata family are Czech Jews." If the charge could have been made to stick the Bata factories and stores in Germany and Austria would have been confiscated In England, 23 and cocky, Tom Bata thumbed his nose "Perhaps Mr Hitler thinks I look like a Jew," he told friends "I am not. But if I was, I'd be as proud as any man " But in Zlin (prewar Bata headquarters in Czechoslovakia) stepuncle Jan, then president of Bata hastily bundled together ancient documents tracing the Roman Catholic ancestry of the Batas back to 1576 and shipped them off to Berlin

"Go Build a Factory"

The urge to travel was awakened in Tom Bata at an early age by his father the late Thomas Bata, Sr , who started to build the massive framework of the Bata organization 55 years ago on a shoestring (Initial investment. $200)

Bata, Sr , a stern practical minded parent, saw to it that his heir (Tom Jr was his only child) early learned how to fend for himself When young Tom's cap blew off once too often during a trip in the family's open touring car, Bata Sr, stopped the car, gave the seven year-old boy some money and the address of a house in a city 20 miles farther on and drove off leaving him alone on the highway Hours later a dusty, weary and tearful boy arrived at the address with the money still clutched in his hand He had hitchhiked all the way Bata Sr , a scrupulously fair man, praised his son for his economy

A year later when young Bata was attending boarding school in England, he received a second paternal lesson in traveling Instead of going to fetch him home for the holidays as was the custom Bata Sr , no respecter of conventions, sent a complete set of railway timetables and a map of Europe showing the route from the English school to the Bata home in Zlin The eight-year old heir to the Bata fortune found his way across England France Switzerland, Austria and Czechoslovakia alone

Tom Bata's education in Czech English and Swiss schools helped to make him international-minded, but his father did not neglect the practical business training of his successor. During vacations Bata, Jr , worked at various apprentice jobs about the big Zlin factory He finished his commercial course (he is not a university man) at night school after having started to work in the factory as an ordinary workman at the age of 15

By the time he was 18, he had won his master shoemaker's degree and could operate all the key machines at normal speed His father then called him in to his office "Now you know the business from the factory end Go to Switzerland and be a shoe salesman for a while Then build a Swiss factory."

A few months later, Thomas Bata, Sr., was killed in a mysterious plane crash on his way to inspect the progress of his son's first important mission

Tom Bata is today an inveterate traveler The streets of Casablanca and Calcutta are as familiar to him as the cities of his adopted Canada The 200 D P 's who work in his Canadian factory are sometimes surprised to find that Bata can talk to them in fluent English, French, German, Swiss or Czech He has a working knowledge of several other languages. (Many dialects picked up on tours of his African and Indian holdings)

When he visits the capitals of the world Bata likes to entertain his friends and business acquaintances lavishly At these champagne-and-caviar capers he is debonair and dashing. Proud, sometimes haughty and blunt he can be democratic and diplomatic when the occasion demands

At times there is an atmosphere of reckless daring about him By the time he was 15 he had made his first solo flight in an airplane and had won laurels as a daredevil automobile racer He seems to thrive on doing the unusual

He proposed to his young Swiss wife in a two-seater Junkers airplane somewhere between Zurich and Basel in Switzerland It is also typical of Bata that while both he and his wife speak several languages he proposed, and she accepted in English

Today tall, tailored 21-year-old Mrs. Bata always accompanies her husband on his tours of his global empire. Dark-haired and decorative she is considered in the salons of Europe to be Bata's greatest social asset She is the former Sonja Ingrid Wettstein daughter of a wealthy and famous Swiss international lawyer, the late Dr George Wettstein who was Bata Sr's lawyer The Wettsteins, sometimes referred to as Switzerland's First Family by European socialites are direct descendants of the Wettstein who represented Switzerland at the famous Peace of Westphalia in 1648 that made Switzerland independent from Germany

Bata first saw his wife when she was three years old. He was 16 When he sailed for Canada to build his factory here she was 11 He did not see her again until March, 1946 when he met her accidentally while skiing in the Alps Though he had known her for 15 years when Bata proposed in the plane two months later it was the first

Continued on page 74

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The Japanese Priest Said: "DOMINUS VOBISCUM"

It was early Sunday morning in Tokyo. A cosmopolitan congregation had assembled in the Catholic church for the first Mass of the day. Along with the Japanese present, there were English, French and Portuguese sailors, the family of a Belgian diplomat, Filipino business men and a sprinkling of military police.

The Japanese priest was compelled to start the service without an assistant to answer the prayers. He had hardly begun the Mass, when a burly GI rose from his seat, walked to the altar and took the place of the absent server.

"At first," he said afterwards, "I felt a little strange serving a Jap priest in a Jap church. But after he turned around and said in Latin 'Dominus vobiscum!' —I felt just the way I did when I served Father O'Malley in our church back home."

"Dominus vobiscum!"—"The Lord be with you!"

How familiar and homelike those Latin words sounded . . . to the English, the French, the Portuguese, Belgians and Filipinos . . . for they had heard them Sunday after Sunday in their own church at home.

Despite their language differences each could follow the prayers of the Mass . . . and the actions of the priest. For each had a double column prayer book—one column in Latin, one in his native language.

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Continued from page 72

time they had been alone together more than five minutes. In the five months that followed Bata kept the transatlantic phones between Batawa, Ont., and Zurich, Switzerland, busy every day.

To the tens of thousands of Batamen all over the world, the marriage of Thomas J. Bata and Sonja Wattstein at Zurich, Saturday, Oct. 26, 1946, was comparable to the wedding of a prince and his princess. From all the far-flung outposts of the Bata empire came rich presents of all descriptions—India sent precious jewels; China, carved ebony and cedar chests, jade and silks. Besides dozens of gifts, each "Bata country" sent a gallon of its national liquor (Canada sent rye). The wedding presents filled an entire ballroom.

The reception lasted two and a half days. Some of the 1,233 guests (who included royalty and ambassadors from over a dozen countries) traveled thousands of miles to attend. European newspapers had a field day with the Bata wedding, monopolizing the front as well as the social page.

Tommy on the Spot

When Bata travels he flies in a sleek superluxury flying office — a twin-engined de Havilland Dove based in England. It is equipped with desks, typewriters, Dictaphones, filing cabinets, three sets of radio communications and a lounge. It cost $70,000.

An expert pilot, Bata has held Czech, British and Canadian pilot licenses (he is a member of half a dozen flying clubs in several countries), but he never flies himself on business trips.

In Canada he owns a twin-engined Cessna which he keeps stored in a barn near Trenton, Ont., "because it's getting to be quite an old crock."

Bata makes a practice of allowing no obstacles to stand in the way of his being on the spot when anything important is happening in the Bata empire. On a moment's notice he once called a directors' meeting at one of his Indian plants to discuss an urgent problem and before his order was relayed he was on his way, flying halfway around the world to be present.

On three consecutive days he has attended court cases against the Communist Government of Czechoslovakia in three different countries.

The day his son Thomas George was born in Switzerland (Feb. 13, 1948) he was touring his factories in Africa, and word of the impending event was radioed to his flying office. Bata flew nonstop from Africa to Zurich and arrived a few minutes before the birth, which was the occasion for Batamen everywhere to pay homage again with hundreds of presents and telegrams. One of the cables read: "Glad you reached your production estimate."

He drives a new Buick and he likes to get places fast. This is probably a throwback to his speed-demon days when he won several 1,000-mile European road races. Although he was banged up a few times in some spectacular crashes he never lost his love for speed. It is an integral part of his nature. Once when his racing partner missed a curve and rolled their car over at 110 miles per hour, he walked away with only a broken arm; his co-driver was seriously injured, complaining bitterly because until bad luck interfered they had been winning the race in record time.

Today Bata claims he has given up racing automobiles but Canadian speed cops may be inclined to disagree. In a little over a month last year he was stopped four times for speeding. The last time (in December) he was doing and he lost his driver's license for two months. "I guess I'm what you'd call an automatic fast driver," he smiles wryly.

His big Buick is equipped with a detachable Dictaphone so that he can dictate letters and memoranda en route. On most of his Canadian trips he is driven by a bulldog Canadian named Stan Brown. Brown (who is always called Brownie by fellow Batamen) is the same age as Bata (34) and has been his jack-of-all-jobs since he first came to Canada.

When he has to go to Ottawa on business Bata, who likes to sleep at home, leaves at 4.30 a.m. Brown has the car at the back door of the Bata bungalow in Frankford at 4.29. Precisely at 4.30 Bata pads out in slippers, pyjamas and bathrobe. In the back seat he curls up in a blanket and promptly falls asleep. Laid out neatly beside the driver are Bata's clothes for the day.

Brown, who drives as fast as Bata likes to, doesn't have to wake his boss up. At Kaladar there are bad bumps which Brown takes without slackening speed. They rouse Bata enough for him to mumble "Time for another 40 winks." At Perth, Brown doesn't bother to slow down for the sharp curves. They always send Bata sprawling from the seat. He calls them his alarm clock because they let him know it's time to dress.

After dressing in the speeding car, Bata usually has time to dictate a few letters before reaching Ottawa where he shaves and breakfasts at the Chateau Laurier before starting his business rounds at 8 a.m.

He Likes Mysteries

Though he has entertained in raja-style in India, where it's expected, Bata has apparently gone out of his way in Canada to stress the common-man theme. He likes to pull a flask from his pocket, Canadian fashion, and offer a visitor a drink. (He still shies from beer—the recognized beverage of the common people in Europe.)

His simple five-roomed bungalow has only one servant. Although it is furnished mostly in Canadian-style maple furniture, the accessories come from areas all over the world where Bata's empire has its outposts. The living-room set is covered with royal blue leather made from African hides. The thick, luxurious rugs come from India. The clay statuette of a lithe nude maiden comes from France. Bata's smoking accessories come from Germany (he smokes a pipe—Turkish and Bond Street tobacco). The long, low bookcase (Canadian maple) is packed with books from three dozen countries—Mrs. Bata's art books and Tom Bata's light novels and detective stories.

A big, black, ornately-carved chest—a wedding gift from China—squats in a corner of the living room. It is the Bata wine cellar and is stocked with everything from kummel to vodka (Bata's favorites: sherry and rye).

The sun never sets on the Bata empire and at every minute of the day or night there are Batamen somewhere in the world making Bata shoes. Bata is constantly reminded of this by the exquisite global clock (a gift from India) that stands four feet high in his dining room. Made of gold and studded with jewels, it is a large globe of the world which revolves on a delicate mechanism, telling at a glance the time in any part of every country in the world.

The Batas' Swiss nursemaid who looks after young Thomas III sleeps in the baby's room and eats with the family. Mrs. Bata does the cooking

herself. Bata is a gourmet. When he eats ravioli he eats it as Italy, and when he eats chow mein, he eats it as China. To see that Bata never has a gastronomically dull moment at home, his wife experiments at mixing North American and European dishes. (Bata likes mushrooms with nearly everything.)

"She's such a good cook," says 175-pound Bata, "that I've had to go on a diet." Mrs. Bata also does the shopping and the housework (she has a dishwashing machine).

Bata the shoemaker had 75 pairs of shoes when he brought his wife to Canada. To make room in the cupboard for her own shoes, Mrs. Bata gave 50 pairs to the Red Cross. Today Bata gets along with 25 pairs (size 10½) which he changes every year.

More often than not, the shoes he wears are not Bata made. The reason he gives is that he likes to test his competitors' products (another reason could be that his best men's shoe sells for less than $11).

Bata has about half a dozen suits in Canada and the same number in England. His formal clothes are made to measure in London and New York but he buys his business suits ready made in shops all over the world.

Bata gets up at 6.30 a.m. every morning (so does his wife to cook his breakfast) and is at his office at Batawa on the dot of 7.30. He likes to get to bed by 10 p.m. but very seldom does. Most nights he goes back to the office until midnight and even later.

On Monday nights he drills with the Reserve Army. He is a captain in the 2nd Battalion Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment (Reserve) which he joined early in the war.

A fluent talker, he is constantly in demand as a guest speaker at Lions, Kiwanis and Rotary Club meetings (he is an active Rotarian, joined Rotary International in Czechoslovakia when he was a youth). His voice is warm yet dynamic. He smiles often. He speaks with the slightest trace of an English accent (Mrs. Bata has a more pronounced British accent) and sometimes he mixes his v's and w's and "advance" comes out "adwance."

He writes all his own speeches, more often than not on the way to give the speech. He types them on a portable on his knees in his car and he carries a clothespin to keep the paper from flapping.

Although Bata takes in occasional action films, light plays and operettas, his main recreation is sport. He skis in the Swiss Alps and the Canadian Laurentians, plays polo in India, rides at Banff (he wishes he owned a horse but claims he hasn't time for it), swims at Miami and Tahiti, plays tennis and squash in England and ice skates wherever he finds ice. He also hunts big game in Africa, pigeons in Egypt, tigers in Bengal and moose in Northern Canada. He has gone fishing in Canada five times and caught one six-inch trout.

When Bata came to Canada (April 1, 1939) to seek permission to open a factory here and import key Batamen from Czechoslovakia he was met with a storm of protest from the shoemaking industry, the unions and the press, not to mention the bitter opposition of Members of Parliament from Quebec, Canada's leading shoemaking province.

He Meets Competition

In an open letter in the Toronto Daily Star W. H. Bramblecomb, then president of the Canadian Shoe Manufacturers Association, protested any move toward granting permission to Bata to enter Canada. Said Bramblecomb: "The opening of a new shoe factory in Canada . . . will not increase the sale of shoes in Canada by one extra pair. . . . Production capacity of Canadian factories is at least 40% above the possible market in Canada." And he added that he didn't see how Bata could compete in the world markets from a Canadian operated factory when English labor was cheaper than Canadian labor and Bata already had plants in England. (Despite this, Canadian-made Bata shoes sell in Switzerland in competition with his Swiss-made products.)

For once organized labor ranged up alongside management. From Boston J. J. Mara, president of the Boot and Shoe Workers Union (U.S.A. and Canada), trumpeted a warning: "The labor record of the Bata Shoe Company is not good. In Britain theirs is the only factory that will not negotiate with the British union. Their system of herding workers into farms and deducting board and lodging charges is regimentation of the worst type."

Bata emphatically denied both charges. But later Toronto's Globe and Mail quoted him as bluntly stating that it had always been the policy of the Bata Shoe Company to permit no organization to stand between it and its employees. (He has since signed contracts with at least two unions in Canada.)

In another interview Bata said: "We are told our feudal system won't work here, but it has worked in England."

Today, after just 10 years in Canada, the headquarters of the shoe empire is firmly established here. As always, Bata has built his factory, then constructed a town around it. In this case he has named the town after himself. (One Bata plant was established at Batavia, in Java, because the city already bore the Bata prefix.)

The story of Bata's vast financial setup (which will be told in the next issue of Maclean's) is as much the story of the man as it is of a giant business empire. For Tom Bata, now facing the third great crisis of his career, still personally follows the tiniest details of his companies, from the wording of a publicity pamphlet to the design of a cardboard shoe box.

During the construction of the Batawa factory he returned from England to find that the big machine shop wasn't finished. He asked why, was told it was impossible to get bricks.

"How do you get bricks?" asked Bata. "Do bricks grow on trees? Do hens lay bricks?"

"No," said his foreman. "They make bricks."

"Well then," Bata roared, "make bricks. Make them this week. That building will be finished this week!"

They were. It was. ★

(This is the first of a series of articles on the Bata empire.)

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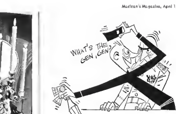
WHAT'S THE GEN, GEN?

INTO BATTLE WITH LARGO

CARTOONS BY MEL CRAWFORD

By JOHN LARGO

"LARGO," a friend said to me a couple of weeks ago, "why don't you write your war memoirs? Everybody's doing it—Eisenhower's aide, Eisenhower's chauffeur — even Eisenhower. Also General Howling Mad Smith, Admiral Halsey and several thousand war correspondents. All the Americans are doing it, including Roosevelt's entire War Cabinet and their office boys.

"So far," my friend went on, "the Canadians have kept decently silent, but that wouldn't stop you."

"Aw shucks," I said, scratching my left ear with my right foot (for I am ambidextrous), "who cares about little old me?"

"Nobody," my friend said coldly. "I bet you need the money."

"Besides," I said, moved by one of these fine manly impulses I get every 15 years, "the war is nothing to be funny about."

"No," my friend agreed, "but then any connection between your military career and the late conflict was purely accidental."

"Thanks," I said gratefully. "I'll do it."

I sat down, took a nice clean piece of wrapping paper and headed it "Into Battle With Largo." Then I made a list of the generals and above I had met, starting naturally with Field Marshal Bernard Law Montgomery—or Monty as I and several million soldiers called him.

I first met Monty in November (or was it October?) in 1944 (I think) at a theatre in Brussels, Belgium. On the stage Donald Wolfit was playing Shylock and near me was Montgomery, playing Monty. He was so close I could have hit him in the eye with a tomato but as it happened the tomato I had with me was too heavy. She was a Belgian tomato, about 120 pounds, and too cute to throw away.

Monty and I didn't have much chance to talk on this occasion because, while he was in the royal box, the management of the theatre had dumped me in the second row of the orchestra. Some misunderstanding probably. Besides there were several thousand other soldiers with me and they made a lot of noise.

But it was right after this encounter that Monty hit Von Rundstedt in the Bulge, flattening it, so evidently Monty went back into battle with renewed vigor after our little meeting.

Of course the *first* general I ever met was F. F. ("Fighting Frank") Worthington. One day, while still in England, I was sleeping peacefully in the Signal Office at X Div H.Q. when the phone woke me up. It was the Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster General (or Ack and Quack as we called him). "Signal master?" he barked. "The General wants to see you."

"Yessir," I quavered. I stumbled up three flights of stairs.

I found the General bending over a No. 19 wireless set.

"You sent for the signal master, sir?" I asked, standing rigidly to attention.

General Worthington grunted. "How do you tune this thing?"

I showed him how to tune it. I have wondered ever since if this incident, unimportant though it may appear to the layman, marked a turning point in the war. Certainly less than a year or two later the Allied Nations landed on the beaches of Normandy, but I should add in all modesty that they probably intended to land there anyway. Still, you never know.

Another general of my acquaintance was E. L. M. Burns, although when I knew him he was only a brigadier-general commanding 4th Armored Brigade, or Bde as we called it in the Army.

I put Monty on the right track.

General Burns may not remember, but I was the lieutenant who asked him to please pass the salt one evening at dinner. Or was it the pepper? Or did the brigadier ask *me* for the salt?

I suppose I should have made notes of these pregnant encounters which were later to have such momentous effects on the course of battle. Apparently everybody else did. Especially the war correspondents.

Every American reporter notes this sort of thing: "I jumped out of my jeep and ducked into the general's tent. He had his feet on the table. I knocked them off gaily and said, 'Well, Bill, who's winning?' The general said, 'The Dodgers were ahead in the seventh inning.' We both laughed heartily and opened another case of Scotch."

I never had a case of Scotch either. This is the reason I get to know comparatively few generals.

There must be some reason. ★

Labor Cleans House

Continued from page 12

publicity director, out to Vancouver by plane to recapture it.

Williams had no trouble rounding up an anti-Communist staff and finding a printer to turn out the paper. But when they took their issue down to the post office they found they couldn't mail it. The paper's second-class mailing privileges were good for only one issue a week, and the Communists had already mailed theirs.

Williams said, "We'll fix that." They got the next week's paper ready in 24 hours. Early Sunday morning they took it to the post office. When the Communists showed up on Monday with their paper they found the mailing rights had already been used. And before the next issue came out Williams had a court injunction to stop the Reds from using the union paper's name any more.

Here's the Line-up

Until recently Communist leaders have controlled the working force in half a dozen essential industries: shipping, chemicals, metal mining, the electrical plants that make radar sets and the auto plants without which an army couldn't move.

They controlled the lumber industry of British Columbia, the backbone of prosperity on the West Coast.

They've been gaining control of textile workers in Quebec—not a vital war industry in itself, but a valuable base from which to work on Quebec's native nationalism. In all these fields their hold is less secure than it was a year ago, but they still control the following unions:

Canadian Congress of Labor (CCL): United Electrical Workers; Fur and Leather Workers; Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers; Shipyard General Workers Federation of British Columbia; and—in the doubtful class—the United Auto Workers, which still has Reds in its biggest Canadian local but where the Communist leadership is supposed to have been purged.

Trades and Labor Congress of Canada (TLC): Canadian Seamen's Union; United Textile Workers; International Chemical Workers; United Garment Workers; United Fishermen and the Lumber and Sawmill Workers, an autonomous local of the old and conservative Carpenters and Joiners.

Though there are more Communist-dominated unions in number in the TLC than there are in the CCL, in each they represent only about 15% of the membership. In the CCL they have completely failed to get hold of the executive. President A. R. Mosher and the whole executive council are militantly anti-Communist, and although the Communists rant and scream at every CCL convention they never succeed in electing a single man or passing a single party line resolution.

Pat Conroy, a leader of the anti-Red faction in that congress, says: "It's too soon to say they're on the run. The Reds are still very strong in some unions and we've a long hard fight still ahead. But so far, we seem to be winning."

Victory over the Communists has been less clear cut in the rival Trades and Labor Congress. President Percy Bengough and his executive were elected with Communist support. They are personally opposed to Communism and would like to see it cleaned out of their Congress, but their moves in that direction have been cautious.

However, the Trades and Labor Congress is now in the midst of an internal struggle that will probably settle the Communist issue once and for all. Either the Communists and their dupes will be defeated and shorn of power or—in all likelihood—the TLC will split wide open and a new anti-Red labor federation will be formed.

Bengough is an old line craft union man of rather conservative views. One of those views, shared by about a third of all trade unionists, is the classic doctrine of Sam Gompers, the father of North American unionism: Labor should stay out of politics. A union man's political views are his own business.

That principle today leads to a queer paradox: it is in the Trades and Labor Congress, the federation of old-fashioned conservative craft unions, that Communists find themselves most happily at home. The Gompers doctrine suits the Reds down to the ground.

The Canadian Congress of Labor, which has kicked the Communists out with much greater success, is actually a more radical group than the TLC. It's dominated by Socialists and it's in politics up to its neck.

At its last three national conventions the Canadian Congress of Labor has endorsed the CCF as "the political arm of labor."

Partly because it has a positive political slant of its own, the Canadian Congress of Labor has no scruples about throwing Communists out of union office. CCL organizers have a double duty—partly to recruit new members, partly to keep existing members in line and get them to vote the anti-Communist ticket in union elections.

The CCL has organized some 40 week-end "schools" across the country where the strategy and tactics of labor's cold war are taught. Union men are taught the basic techniques of negotiation with employers — union contracts, corporation finance, etc.— but they also learn the basic techniques of beating Communists in union elections.

They learn, for example, never to let their men leave a meeting until it adjourns. A favorite Communist trick is to wait until the non-Reds have got tired and gone home, then push Communist resolutions through what's left of the meeting. That's how they contrived to get a resolution through the Trades and Labor Congress con

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vention last year blasting the Marshall Plan in Moscow's own terms.

CCL syndicate also learn to get out the anti-Communist vote—never to rely on frail human nature. At Port Arthur, a couple of years ago, it was 32 below zero on the night of a union election and a great many union men stayed home. But the Communists turned out to a man, and elected a pro-Communist slate. Last year in Vancouver, just to prevent that kind of rump victory for the Reds, anti-Communist organizers hired a fleet of taxis to take their men to a crucial meeting at which the Communists were thrown out of the International Woodworkers Association.

In the Trades and Labor Congress no faction favors direct political action. Frank Hall, leader of the anti-Communist group in the TLC, agrees with Percy Bengough in accepting the Gompers doctrine of "no politics." But in Hall's view, the Communist Party is not a political party in the ordinary sense; it is a treacherous fifth column for the Soviet Union and the worst enemy of organized labor everywhere.

When Hall Got Mad

Hall has always held these views but until two years ago he didn't do much about them. He's international vice-president of the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks and Freight Handlers. That's the highest-paid union job in Canada ($11,000 a year) and it keeps Hall busy. But on June 5, 1947, he had an experience that set him working just as hard to break the grip of Communism on TLC unions.

Biggest and worst nest of Communism in the Trades and Labor Congress is the Canadian Seamen's Union, which used to claim 7,000 to 9,000 members. In the summer of 1946 the Canadian Seamen's Union was on strike against the Great Lakes shipping companies. It was declared an illegal strike, as the union's agreement with the shipping firms hadn't run out. However some freight handlers in Hall's own union were persuaded to go on strike in sympathy with the Canadian Seamen's Union in Great Lakes ports.

Hall was annoyed. The sympathy strike violated his union's agreement with the shipping companies; it was illegal, a breach of contract and a defiance of the union's own rules. He protested vigorously to TLC headquarters but was brushed off.

The next year he went to Fort William to talk to his union's local there about wage negotiations which were going on. The meeting was private. In the middle of it in walked a gang from the Canadian Seamen's Union. They marched up on the platform and began to harangue the crowd. Half a dozen individual Communists in Hall's own union popped up to cry, "Let's hear them. Let's have free speech here." Frank Hall, boiling mad, got up and walked out.

Next day he wrote to the president of his own union saying the Communist seamen's union was making it impossible for a law-abiding union to operate in lake ports. He suggested the Seafarers International Union, an American Federation of Labor affiliate which already had Canadian locals on the west coast, be called in to organize Great Lakes seamen and squeeze the Communists out.

That suggestion wasn't carried out until a year later, but meanwhile the Communist union developed troubles of its own. For years the president of the Canadian Seamen's Union had been a short, swart Irishman, Pat Sullivan. Sullivan used to deny he was a Communist, but he was interned early in the war when Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany were still allies. After his release the Communists made a hero and martyr of him and managed to get him elected secretary-treasurer of the Trades and Labor Congress.

Early in 1947 Sullivan suddenly quit his jobs with the TLC and the Canadian Seamen's Union. He announced that he had been a Communist for years, that he had followed party orders in conducting seamen's strikes, but that he couldn't stand Communist tyranny any longer. His conscience, he intimated, had got the better of him.

Whatever Sullivan's motive, he soon began organizing a rival group he called the Canadian Lake Seamen's Union. It was widely alleged, and not only by Communists, that Sullivan's new union was financed by the Great Lakes shipping companies. The latter refused to deal any longer with the Communist-led Canadian Seamen's Union and signed an agreement instead with the Sullivan group.

The Canadian Seamen's Union, now led by Harry Davis, thereupon called a strike. This time it was "legal," but for violence and defiance of law was probably the worst in Canadian history. Ships were boarded, crews beaten, canals blockaded and passing ships bombarded with rocks.

For one example, the SS Acadian was boarded by night and her crew kidnapped. They were taken off in trucks and held prisoner for 10 hours without food or drink. Some of them were taken to lonely spots and beaten unconscious. All were robbed of whatever money or valuables they had with them, and the loot divided by the kidnappers.

Frank Hall and a number of other TLC union leaders were deeply disturbed by all this. Every news story about the strike identified the Seamen's Union, quite correctly, as TLC. Hall and his friends thought the whole Congress was being brought into disrepute.

At this point they read in the papers that the Trades and Labor Congress had called a meeting at Ottawa in support of the Canadian Seamen's Union and its strike. They hadn't been invited or had any notice of the meeting from the congress of which they were permanent members, but they decided to go anyway and raise a protest.

When they got there they discovered that the meeting, advertised as TLC, was actually a Communist rally.

The AFL Intervenes

Hall and 10 of his friends went and held a conference of their own. One of the 10 was Arthur D'Aoust, vice-president of the Trades and Labor Congress. They formed a group of their own called the Canadian Association of International Union Representatives, which now includes the leaders of 32 TLC unions and which is dedicated to the expulsion of Communism from the Trades and Labor Congress.

Meanwhile Frank Hall had gone ahead with the suggestion he'd made a year before, and brought in organizers from the Seafarers International Union to compete with the Canadian Seamen's Union. The Seafarers International Union would have nothing to do with Pat Sullivan, who left the new union as readily as he'd left the old and retired to the farm and fishing camp which he'd lately acquired in the Laurentians. With Sullivan out of the way the Seafarers International Union consented to accept the membership of the Canadian Lake Seamen's Union.

Naturally the Communists were furious. Frank Hall's action had given respectable union status to what had previously been a despised "company union." The TLC executive suspended Hall and his union from the Congress on charges of "dual unionism."

At the TLC convention last fall the suspension was withdrawn with the executive's consent, but a vote of censure against Hall was passed. However, Hall has since carried the fight to the international headquarters of the American Federation of Labor, with which most TLC unions are affiliated.

A month or so ago the American Federation of Labor executive made a public statement supporting Frank Hall.

The evidence, said the AFL executive, "discloses a shocking picture of the influence wielded by the Communists in Canada in the affairs of the Trades and Labor Congress." It called upon the TLC for "vigorous action to eliminate completely every vestige of Communist influence and control." The AFL wanted to continue friendly co-operation with its Canadian counterpart, but "we will not and cannot accept a solution of our difficulties which in any way represents a compromise with the Communists."

Reds in the Auto Plants

The TLC's reaction to this was a strong denial that Communists wielded undue influence in their congress. Bengough and his executive also made it clear that they did not want to interfere directly in the affairs of any affiliated unions. But at the same time they sent out instructions to the affiliates to toss out any Communist officers or delegates "democratically"—at the next union election.

Unfortunately, the Communist issue in the TLC has been clouded and confused. Many a non-Communist voted against Frank Hall because he thought the Seafarers International Union had betrayed the labor movement by taking in Sullivan's "company union." And in the fight that's still ahead many a Canadian union men will vote for Percy Bengough as a protest against "dictation from Washington."

Another union where the Communists have met strong opposition is the United Auto Workers.

Half a dozen leading anti-Communists in the CCL chipped in with money out of their own pockets to hire an anti-Communist organizer and send him to Windsor, Ont. The United Auto Workers were headed by George Burt, no Communist himself but a man who has followed the Communist line in return for Communist backing at union elections. An anti-Burt campaign was worked up that threw him off the CCL executive.

However, Burt remains at the head of the union, merely because the opposition can't find as able a man to replace him. Walter Reuther, anti-Communist president of the Auto Workers in the United States, came over from Detroit to look into the situation. He made a deal with the CCL: if you let George Burt back on the CCL executive we'll guarantee that he and his union will switch from Communist to anti-Communist in this internal war.

Burt was re-elected to the CCL executive last fall. Reuther and his men carried out their promise to read the riot act to him, tell him to stop playing footsie with the Reds or he'd be fired. However, Conroy still has his fingers crossed about the Windsor situation—a good many Communists are still holding key positions there. Reds may be on the run in the United Auto Workers, but they're a long way from licked.

The same thing is true of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, which has a firm grip on such vital war industries as the world's richest nickel mines around Sudbury, Ont. Unlike the International Woodworkers and the United Auto Workers, the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers are Communist-led in the United States as well as in Canada. The organizers sent into the Canadian mining country have therefore included a large percentage of Communists and they helped elect a lot of Red executives.

Anti-Communists have already won a pitched battle with the Reds in this union, though. Two battles, in fact.

One leader in the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers was Harvey Murphy, a paunchy, bull-voiced character who studied at the Lenin University in Moscow and is still on the executive of the Labor Progressive (Communist) Party. Last year in the middle of the fight to clean the Communists out of the B.C. lumber union Murphy made a speech to a labor banquet in Vancouver.

He attacked Conroy and other anti-Red leaders in language so dirty that no newspaper printed his words. However, Conroy had friends in the audience who took note of what Murphy had said. He was haled before a special committee of the CCL which found him guilty of conduct disloyal to the labor movement, and booted him out of CCL-chartered organizations for two years.

Another fight, so similar in nature and simultaneous in time that it looked like the same one, went on in the eastern section of the union. The union newspaper in Sudbury attacked A. R. Mosher, president of the Canadian Congress of Labor, in scurrilous terms. The CCL took action as prompt as in the Murphy case, and the union hastily backed down. The man who wrote the offending article was fired, the newspaper published an abject retraction and the union leaders apologized.

However, Communists haven't been decisively defeated by any means in the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. They've had a temporary setback, but they're still working hard. One of their friends, Robert Carlin, a former CCF-er who was kicked out of that party for his Communist leanings, is still union president in Sudbury. The anti-Communists have organizers at work there and are making progress, but the fight is a long way from finished.

The Electrical War

Of unions in which the Communists still have firm control, the biggest and strongest is the United Electrical Workers, whose president is Clarence "Red" Jackson. At the moment that union is Objective No. 1 in the anti-Communist campaign.

An important part of the fight in United Electrical is being waged outside Canada. In the United States the old Communist-line executive is still in office, but a spreading revolt among the rank and file is weakening their grip. Local after local has been booting out Communists. If the trend continues and the international executive is kicked out of office, Red Jackson's position in Canada would be greatly enfeebled. He'd no longer get the backing from international headquarters which is now one of his principal sources of strength.

Within Canada the fight is being carried on inside the United Electrical locals. The same organizer who unseated George Burt in Windsor is trying to do the same to Red Jackson, by seeking out strong and able anti-

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Communists among the union's rank and file and helping them to get into union offices.

One big local in St. Catharines, Ont., was captured by an anti-Communist executive not long ago. The new executive wasn't once exposed to a vicious, expert smear campaign by the Communist hierarchy of its own union. The membership got tired of this treatment—they voted to pull right out of the United Electrical Workers and join Charles Millard's steel union, probably the biggest and strongest anti-Communist outfit in the country.

Whether that was a real victory is a matter of opinion. Conroy and his men are inclined to regret it. They had counted on using the St. Catharines local as a powerful nucleus of anti-Communism inside the United Electrical Workers. However, at least the departure of the St. Catharines local has diminished Red Jackson's total strength, and other locals may do the same if the Communist smear tactics are used again.

Another United Electrical local in Peterborough, Ont., threw out its Communist-chosen executive at the last election and now has anti-Communist officers. But the Communists have sent four or five full-time organizers into Peterborough to foment opposition and try to recapture the local next election time. Anti-Communists can't afford to match that manpower — partly because they haven't so much money, partly because Communist organizers are fanatical fighters who will do the toughest, nastiest kind of work for next to no pay.

The Communists' Chance

That's why you so often see Communist leadership taking hold of new unions in exploited, underpaid industries. Driven by their own political motives, they're willing to go into fields that other organizers leave alone.

"I'm a good organizer," said one union veteran, "and I can get a good job with any union at $50 a week or better. The old established unions all pay that kind of money, and offer you an easy job besides—good hours, no trouble.

"An outfit like the Canadian Seamen's Union might offer me $30. I'd sleep on the docks, get my head kicked in on picket lines, work the clock around and get nothing for it. Organizing lumber workers you have to slosh through the bush, cold, wet and broke. You think I'm crazy?"

So the Communists are often left a clear field. Sometimes, as in shipping, it gives them control of a key war industry. Sometimes, as in the Quebec textile mills, it gives them a foothold in a key sector of the political front. Always it gives them a chance to foment trouble most effectively—because, too often, they can point to real grievances.

That's another point to remember in appraising labor's fight against Communism. To hold their members the anti-Communist union leaders have to be as effective in getting higher wages and better working conditions from the employers as the Communists. Otherwise they'll be promptly discredited by the Communists' opposition, which always tries to smear its foes by calling them "bosses' stooges."

Anti-Communist union leaders have to be just as aggressive as their Communist rivals, or they can't keep their jobs. The best of them have shown, sometimes by strikes but oftener by shrewd hard bargaining, that they can do this.

Their hope is to expose the Communists as the agents of Moscow—as men whose primary interest is not to improve the workers' lot but to create trouble which will aid the Soviet drive to undermine the West. Canadian workers are waking up to this in union locals all over the country.

One of the best signs that the Reds are in retreat came at the CCL convention last fall when union men who had formerly worked with the Communists would get up and say to Red Jackson and his men, "Don't give us that old malarkey. We know you, we know what you want—we used to work with you. But not any more."

If the Trades and Labor Congress does split over the AFL's order to clean house it will leave a number of Communist unions intact—the Chemical Workers, the Textile Workers. But at least they will be isolated in a smaller, weaker federation which can give them less help and a much thinner cloak of respectability.

If as Frank Hall hopes the Congress doesn't split at all but does decide to clean house, so much the better. TLC leadership would then follow precisely the same tactics of cleanup from within which the Canadian Congress of Labor has been using.

Either way, Communism in Canadian labor is losing ground. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 16

American wheat with Marshall Plan dollars, they're getting it free. Why should they buy from Canada?

For one more year we've got a solid answer to that: You signed a contract. Britain is not in the habit of going back on her word. But for the years beyond it's another matter. Canada will have great difficulty to persuade Britain to buy foodstuffs at good prices when either (a) they can be got for nothing under the Marshall Plan, or (b) surpluses have knocked the world price far below what the Canadian farmer has come to regard as a fair return.

• • •

ALL THIS is acutely embarrassing to the Government, most of all to Rt. Hon. James Garfield Gardiner.

Two and a half years ago this column ventured the opinion that Jimmy Gardiner had bet $200 millions and the next election on the collapse of the wheat market. His food contracts with Britain set prices well below the boom peaks of the immediate postwar years. In return for this sacrifice he promised the farmer "stability"—a continuation of "fair" prices when the downturn came and food in the open market would be selling dirt cheap.

The market didn't break. Through the entire life of the British contract world prices have been higher than contract prices. It's still possible, of course, that they may break in the final year—but it's most unlikely that Marshall Plan dollars could be used either directly or indirectly to buy Canadian wheat at *higher* than American prices.

This year Mr. Gardiner haggled for weeks with the British for a lump-sum compensation for the low prices they've been enjoying all these years. They stopped haggling when they found that the very idea of a cash settlement made the U. S. administration see red. Our big argument with them, and theirs with Congress, had been Canada's "generosity" in offering Britain food at low prices. If we were now proposing to wipe out this "generosity" by a cash compensation, Washington was ready to tell us both to go jump in the Great Lakes.

So the new contract was announced, and the matter of compensation "deferred." Now Mr. Gardiner has the task of explaining to Canadian farmers just why and for what they gave up the peak prices of the postwar boom.

• • •

If anybody still thinks Canada's a colony, here's a little story to comfort them. Believe it or not, this really did happen.

A while ago a man from one of the British missions here stopped overnight with his wife in a small village in the United States. Their hostess was a genial soul but a bit vague as to who her guests were, what they did or where they came from. As they were saying good-by in the morning, she remarked:

"We always like to have people come here from Canada. But of course you don't exactly come from Canada, do you?"

Her guests said no, they were stationed in Canada just now, but they really came from the U. K.

"Oh, well," said the hostess, "we're very glad, too, to have someone from one of Canada's colonies."

• • •

Up to the moment of writing Opposition Leader George Drew has only once been thrown for a serious loss in the game that's being played on Parliament Hill. The man who planned that play was no Government strategist but a French Canadian newspaperman named Pierre Vigeant.

Vigeant is Ottawa correspondent for *Le Devoir*, a Montreal daily of strongly nationalist views. He's a quiet, soft-spoken fellow who apparently regards Mr. Drew's overtures to Quebec with a sceptical eye.

Came the Newfoundland debate. Mr. Drew moved that the request to His Majesty to confirm and ratify the terms of union with Newfoundland be not presented until the provinces had been consulted and such consultation had reached a "satisfactory conclusion."

Since Mr. Duplessis had asked repeatedly for consultation with the provinces on this matter, Mr. Drew's amendment sounded fine in Quebec. However, Pierre Vigeant smelled a rat. What did a "satisfactory conclusion" mean? Did Mr. Drew propose to get the consent of the provinces to this move or not?

Vigeant talked to some orthodox Liberals on the Government benches but they didn't want to make anything of it. Then he met Wilfrid Lacroix, who calls himself an Independent Liberal but who is a fiery Quebec nationalist and votes against the Government as often as he votes for it. He wanted to make a speech on the question anyway and he warmed to Pierre Vigeant's idea.

Next day Mr. Lacroix threw his bombshell. He moved a subamendment—instead of the vague reference to "satisfactory conclusions" he made it read that the address to His Majesty should only be presented "with the consent of the provinces." With Jean François Pouliot, another nominal Liberal, as his seconder, he challenged Mr. Drew "if you are sincere" to support the subamendment.

Mr. Drew balked at giving Quebec a veto on this issue. He voted with the Government against the Lacroix subamendment.

His gesture to Quebec turned into a boomerang which hit him next day with considerable violence. Reaction in the French press was unanimous.

Liberal papers openly gloated. "Drew Manoeuvre Unmasked" was the eight-column sweepline in *Le Soleil*, Quebec City. *La Presse* of Montreal, largest French Canadian daily, headlined "Political Manoeuvre Dodged." *La Tribune* of Sherbrooke: "Drew and His Party Paralyzed."

In the independent and very influential *Action Catholique* the incident was reported by Lorenzo Pare as follows:

"For two days George Drew and the Conservative Party have protested because the provinces were not consulted. . . . When the moment came for the decisive act which would have given the provinces the right to be consulted in a real and effective way they (the PCs) went into reverse and voted against a measure which was the logical conclusion of their speeches."

Liberals were delighted. Their two black sheep, Lacroix and Pouliot, basked in the unaccustomed glory of party approbation. Pierre Vigeant got no credit at all, but he didn't seem to mind.

"I don't like it when they try to fool our people," he said. "I didn't like it when King called it mobilization instead of conscription. I don't like it when Drew calls for consultation and balks at consent."

• • •

Progressive Conservatives are not the only ones having their troubles with Quebec. The Government is in hot water again over the "five collaborators"—the Frenchmen who convicted in France of aiding the Nazi occupation are living snug in Canada.

One of them the Government is determined to deport—Count Jacques de Bernonville. When the five names came before the Cabinet last fall ministers thought the case against the other four looked relatively trivial—they were willing then to let the four stay. But on the information they were given about De Bernonville they decided Canada wouldn't want him.

Last month the Count's appeal against a deportation order was upheld on the valid ground that the Immigration tribunal which heard his case was improperly constituted. Mr. Justice Cousineau of Montreal took the opportunity, however, of expressing other opinions—the general effect of them was that De Bernonville should not be deported by any tribunal. This is the view of a great many French Canadians. De Bernonville has acquired powerful friends among Quebec nationalists, including Mayor Camillien Houde of Montreal and Rene Chaloult, onetime firebrand of the *Bloc Populaire*.

Politics or no politics, the Government is determined to proceed against De Bernonville. Another tribunal will be set up, this time with the proper number of members, and if its finding is the same as that of its predecessor out Count de Bernonville will go.

As for the others, there won't be so much hurry. On the basis of new information the Government is now inclined to think two of the four should be sent home. However, it takes time to copy all the facts from the files of the French Ministry of Justice. The Government would be relieved if this process should take so long that it wouldn't be finished until after the general election.

Legally there is no question at all of the Government's right to deport all five. They entered Canada on false passports under assumed names. That automatically makes them liable to deportation. ★

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Washington Memo

By ERNEST K. LINDLEY

ONE OF the most talked about men in Washington these days is General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower since he obtained temporary leave from Columbia University to assist the President and Secretary of Defense James Forrestal settle conflicts among the Army, Navy, and Air Force.

Forrestal and the President have the power to do this but the decisions involve choices among different strategical and tactical concepts. Neither wanted to take the responsibility without the most competent professional advice.

Ike has gone about his task with a relish which makes his friends think that he liked it better than being a university executive and would be happy to spend the next several years in Washington. Indeed, some suspect that he is sorry he didn't run for president last year and that he is not displeased with talk about nominating him in 1952 even though in the showdown he might once more say "No."

* * *

Another officer of lower rank but not much less power who is also a subject of continual conjecture is the President's military aide, Major General Harry H. Vaughan. He holds such a high score at the White House for undiplomatic actions and remarks that hundreds of politicians and journalists have asked each other why Truman keeps Vaughan on his staff. The answer is that the two of them have been buddies for more than 30 years since they served as officers in the same brigade overseas. In 1940 when Harry S. Truman was running for a second term as Senator from Missouri against apparently hopeless odds Vaughan became his campaign manager. When Truman won Vaughan followed him to Washington as his secretary. When World War Two came he returned to active service but after suffering injuries in an airplane crackup became a liaison officer between the War Department and Truman's special Senate committee which kept tab on the war production program.

Truman's aide Gen. Vaughan (right) was in middle of a medal muddle.

Truman is not the man to break off an old and tested friendship such as that just because others think that Vaughan is undiplomatic. To him Vaughan is not only a loyal aide but an ebullient companion whose wisecracks and little practical jokes make life at the White House considerably more entertaining than it otherwise would be. Vaughan denies that he has ever said that his first duty is to make the President laugh at least once every day but he admits that he usually succeeds in injecting a little merriment into the President's routine.

Ironically, the recent incident which evoked the sharpest criticism of Vaughan, and the President's heated and vulgarly installed defense of him, was one in which Vaughan had followed strictly the advice of the protocol experts of the State Department. When he told them the Argentine Government wanted to decorate him, they told him that as the President's military aide he could not refuse since we had diplomatic relations with the Argentine but that he should deposit the decoration with the State Department unless or until Congress authorized him to keep it.

* * *

The expanded social security program recommended by the President would come close to providing the complete "cradle-to-grave" protection which was Franklin D. Roosevelt's avowed objective. The old age and survivors insurance system would be extended to some 20 million additional workers—domestic servants, the self-employed, employees of charitable and educational institutions, indeed every worker not already a member of some other Government insurance system. The benefit payments would be increased by from 50 to 100.

In addition the Administration wants insurance against the cost of medical care, large additional funds for aid to the aged presently not covered by the insurance system, dependent children, the blind, and home relief to the needy generally. This aid program, as distinct from insurance, is on a federal-state basis.

The modest increase in payroll taxes proposed to cover the enlarged program is too small to make the insurance system self-supporting. The whole scheme including unemployment compensation which we already have would eventually call for payroll taxes of the order of 12%. The alternative is to pay part of the cost out of general taxes, which is exactly what the Administration's social-security officials have in mind.

The chief framer of this program is a modest, quiet-spoken ex-teacher and statistician, Arthur J. Altmeyer. Altmeyer was chairman of the technical board which worked out the original Roosevelt insurance system of 1935. The front man for the program is his official superior Oscar R. Ewing who has the title of Federal Security Administrator but is slated to hold full Cabinet rank as soon as Congress empowers the President to convert his agency into a department. ★

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We Are Accused of Test-Tube Pornography

What has come over Maclean's lately? Your choice of subjects for discussion, culminating in "Is This Adultery?" is not in accordance with your past traditions. You have built up a circulation as a high-class family magazine in which such subjects should have no place. Now apparently you are going to make an appeal to another class of readers—those with salacious and pornographic tastes. In doing so you will alienate many of your old subscribers—and if you are going to continue along this line you need not send any more copies to this address—I will not want it in my home.—Albert Huntley, Toronto.

● I certainly think you must have been hard up for clean, instructive, or entrancing news when you took up pages in Feb. 15 issue for "Is It Adultery?" I have taken your magazine for years, will be 80 years old this year, and this is about the most disgusting article I have ever read. I think you must have thought you were publishing some medical magazine. How on earth can such articles help any person? No wonder we have teen-agers running wild. It just disgusted me.—Charlotte A. Clendening, Toronto.

● "Is It Adultery?" by Charles Neville in your issue of Feb. 15 is the most disgusting thing I have ever read. Apart from the moral aspect of it, how any woman with decent instincts can allow herself to be brought to the level of a cow or a mare is more than I can understand.—C. I. Graves, Cowichan Station, B.C.

5 and 10

What's the matter with the folk at 481 University Avenue?

When I heard the postman push a magazine through the letter box one morning I dropped everything including a saucepan, made one grand rush for the door and scooped up Maclean's Feb. 1 with its cover picture of two belligerent looking hockey players. I slid back along the hardwood to the kitchen where I popped on the coffee to heat and promised myself a 10 minutes forgetfulness of unwashed dishes, unmade beds and such like.

"Treat" did I say?

In the Jan. 15 issue you gave us a chocolate eclair in the first prize story "The Quarrel" by Ernest Buckler and then for the second prize story in Feb. 1 you dish us out tripe like "Blank Is the Color of My True Love's Hair" by John Jeffrey Symons.

Mister Editor, I don't pretend to be overboard with book culture but I feel that the author of "The Quarrel" gave a part of himself to that story. He made it alive, real, and left one wanting to read it again. The "blank haired" one only reminded me of those shiny paper-covered volumes we see piled up in some drugstores or Woolworths. Maybe you don't know what I mean. Maybe you don't go into Woolworths. Do, some day.—Jean M. Agnew, Toronto.

Up The Irish!

In my opinion Maclean's is the best magazine in North America and each one of your covers a work of art.—H. Toole, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

Emily Not Neglected

In an article about Mary Riter Hamilton (Cross Country, Dec. 15) you state that the Vancouver Art Gallery "belatedly discovered B.C.'s famed woman painter, Emily Carr." Here are the facts.

Emily Carr was given one-man shows at the Vancouver Art Gallery in 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941 and 1943 at which a total of 166 of her paintings were exhibited. At the time of her death another show was in course of preparation. Emily Carr was a member of the B.C. Society of Fine Arts from 1909 and exhibited with them at the Gallery every year from its opening in 1931. In 1937 and again in 1939 the Gallery acquired examples of her work for its permanent collection. As evidence of how Emily Carr herself felt about it she bequeathed the best of her work in trust to be hung in the Gallery at her death.

Your article goes on to state that officials of the Vancouver Art Gallery are now "nibbling" at the work of Mary Riter Hamilton, inferring that their eyes have been opened by Dr. Douglas Teller to another neglected artist. This again is not true. I quote from the January issue of the Art Gallery Bulletin: "As a tribute to this artist the Exhibition Committee have arranged a small retrospective show of her work. Mary Riter Hamilton was formerly well known but ill health caused her retirement some years ago and it was thought that the public might like to have the opportunity of seeing her work again."

I may say that the Vancouver Art Gallery has leaned over backwards to assist local artists and that last year alone it exhibited 24 one-man shows.—J. A. Morris, Curator, Vancouver Art Gallery, Vancouver.

Meteor?

I have just been reading your article about meteors ("We're Bombed 75 Million Times a Day," Maclean's, Feb. 15). I lived about 20 miles from Springwater, Sask., at Kingsland post office and I have always remembered moving a very heavy stone about 40 years ago. This stone was a black with a shade of brown. There were plenty of stones to move but I always remember this one. It was more of an egg shape, a little wider than thick. I would say it would be close to 400 lb., 36 in. by 40 in. by 24 in.

I know where I put it but it is covered up with other stones or I might have got it out and examined it. Of course it might be a dud but I have always had an idea it might be a meteor. This was on the NW ¼ 36 32 16 W3rd, six miles west midway on the Rosetown Biggar Highway. I don't own the land now, sold three years ago.—George Lawson, Saanichton, B.C.

Pigs Is Pigs, Or Is They?

Maclean's slip has been showing, or is it a case of accidents in the best regulated printing houses? I am referring to your very good first prize story "The Quarrel" (Maclean's, Jan. 15) in which we are told: "After he had milked and fed the pigs, etc."

Has this something to do with current milk shortage? Or is it a hint as to the origin of margarine?

I am interested because although I have milked cows, mares, sheep and goats, yet never have I milked pigs, cats, mice or any lady mammal who wears two rows of buttons down the front of her vest. Which end do you start at, or do you start at both ends and finish in the middle?—R. C. N., Amisk, Alta.

Oh, all right! —The Editors.

Doctors' Licenses

Re your editorial "Canada Needs Healing" (Feb. 1), aren't you in error when you suggest that the Canadian Medical Association and various provincial medical associations are the authorities which license doctors?—A. Johnston, Winnipeg.

Right. Doctors are licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons established under the medical act of each province. —The Editors.

WCTU on Dope

Your article on the illicit traffic in drugs and the facts on drug addicts in Maclean's Nov. 15 ("The Hopheads Are Ahead") was very interesting and so comprehensive that the Toronto District Woman's Christian Temperance Union sincerely compliment you for the clear and fearless manner of advising your readers of this dreadful addiction that enslaves its users.—Maud Fitz Simons, Supt. of Narcotics & Medical Temperance, Toronto District WCTU.

Well-Tamed

I recently received a copy of the Nov. 1 issue of Maclean's and I have read with considerable interest Blair Fraser's story "The Taming of No. 3."

This story of the Alberta wild oil well is in my opinion very well written and combines the technical and human interest elements in a very fine manner.

I was the survey engineer on the south relief well, which was directionally drilled by the Eastman Oil Well Survey Company. Both the company and I want to thank you for your fine treatment of this story and we sincerely appreciate the mention made of all who were working in so co-operative a manner to control the Leduc wild well.—Charlie Smith, Eastman Oil Well Survey Co., Denver, Col.

More Medics

I have just read one of your published letters asking you to cut out your medical articles. If you do you will spoil the whole magazine. I did not feel interested in the hopheads but every medical article is worth everything.

Then there is the case of the Campbells, "Happy Landing at Squaw Butte." Why, he just left off when I was settling down to a very delightful time and then I saw the star and knew it was finished. He is so thrilling he ought to tell us some more of his experiences.—L. Pigler, "The Croft," Willingham, Cambridge, England.

Women's Hospital

I have just read the article re The Women's College Hospital ("The Doctors Wear Skirts," Maclean's Feb. 1) and like it very much. There is a mistake about the number of public beds—instead of 90, as you say, under one of the pictures, there are 53 public beds and not more than six beds in any one public ward.

Otherwise the details of the article are correct and the photographs excellent. Thank you on behalf of the Board of Governors of the hospital.—Mrs. J. Eustace Shaw, Toronto.

No Hawk He

There must be some explanation but it better be good! In your Feb. 1 cover I'm wondering how Maurice Richard donned a Chicago Black Hawk sweater and how long has the Forum been policed by the U.S.?

The whole subject matter is one of interest to Canadians and so well executed that I feel it's a shame that some of the details were overlooked.—J. Ruth Jarrell, Toronto.

So help us, Richard is wearing a Canadiens sweater, and that's a Montreal cop! —The Editors.

Tell 'em Again

Just finished reading Hon. C. G. Power's article "Wanted: A Ceiling on Election Spending" (Maclean's, Feb. 1). Would suggest the same be repeated once every three months until the forthcoming election is held.—Coll Smith, Chester, N.S.

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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

MODERN man had better watch himself. When a good many years ago now he invented the streetcar, that was fine. When he followed this up with the invention of the internal combustion engine and then developed the motor-bus that was splendid. But from the moment that he scrambled the two of them and came up with the trolley bus, it was obvious that nothing but confusion and chaos would follow—and we can prove it.

Exhibit A: An advertisement on page 25 of the Jan. 15 issue of this very magazine, drawn to our attention by a worried gentleman in Powell River, B.C., in which an aluminum company boasted that because a trolley bus was built of that material it "takes less gas."

Exhibit B: The Vancouver bus driver, only too recently switched from gasoline to trolley buses, who absent-mindedly tried to pass the t.b. ahead of him. The resultant spectacle of the two trolley buses stalled halfway across the intersection of Pender and Richard Streets, their double-pronged antennae sadly entangled, was in the opinion of our Vancouver scout the unhappiest memorial he has ever seen to the machine age.

• • •

If you have listened to the wondrous tales of life in Ottawa, brought back from the capital by the thousands of loyal citizens who became temporary Government employees during the war, you will be glad to know that things haven't changed a bit.

It seems that some three months ago the income tax branch of the Department of National Revenue submitted a requisition to have a new office constructed in a corner of the building it occupies. For a few days the place bustled with visiting officials from the Public Works Department checking on dimensions, lighting and telephone facilities, etc., after which not another thing happened. Three months later the office is still in the blueprint stage—so nobody was a bit surprised when a painter arrived on the scene the other day burdened down with several gallons of paint, brushes and tarpaulins, all set to make it the slickest-looking office that any civil servant ever had a pipe dream about.

PUBLIC WORKS DEPT.
TELL HIM ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY!

• • •

A lady who spent a pleasant vacation on the shores of a lake in northern British Columbia last year was telling us about coming upon an anxious group of resorters gathered about a still form which lay upon the beach. When our scout closed in on the scene she discovered that the centre of attraction was an Indian on his back on the sand, quite still. Beside him squatted his stony-faced squaw.

The white folk were all extremely concerned about the welfare of the motionless brave but no matter how many questions they flung at his squaw, all she would answer was, "Him okay!"

"Why, he hasn't budged an inch in the past half hour," declared one man. "The poor man must be dead!" exclaimed one woman, somewhat more hysterical than the rest. "I'll go telephone a doctor," declared another good Samaritan—and ran down the beach.

About this time another cottager came up, the direct-action type, and gave the recumbent form a tentative poke with his toe. The body upon the sand gave a visible start, the Indian opened one eye to glare balefully at the crowd, and grunted, "Go 'way! Me want sleep!"

• • •

The young woman hanging onto the bar in the fast-starting fast-stopping Toronto streetcar was so cute that no man occupying a nearby seat would have minded having her thrown in his lap. Certainly no protest was forthcoming when one terrible lurch finally heaved her into the lap of a farmer—just in from the country and holding several cartons of eggs on his knees. Her embarrassed apologies were quickly cut short.

"Oh, that's all right, miss. Eggs was made for chickens to set on."

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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To keep the food chains in balance, water must be kept pure and unpolluted. In some cases plankton can be increased by fertilizing lakes with phosphorous and other chemicals.

This is just another example of how co-operation with nature protects your supply of fish and wildlife. Remember, nature in balance is nature unspoiled.

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